THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE,

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For DECEMBER, 1797.

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Embellished with an elegant Engraving of COPPERBOTTOM, and a beautiful Etching of CART HORSES.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have given the Portraiture of Copperbottom in the present Magazine, but shall reserve all particulars of that extraordinary Poney until our next. An article appears in our Sporting Intelligence, communicated by a Correspondent, not much to the credit of the *present* possessor of Copperbottom. Our account will come down to the period only of its going out of the hands of its late Proprietors, persons of honour and integrity.

The Prologue and Epilogue to *False Impressions*, shall be given in the next Magazine.

THE
Sporting Magazine,
For DECEMBER, 1797.

ROYAL CHACE.

THE incredible depth of country where the Stag Hounds used to hunt at this season, in addition to the Thames floods, (which extend nearly over all the adjacent country from Staines to Maidenhead) confine the Royal Chace entirely to the heath country, and totally prevent that variety in recital which we have been accustomed to give our readers on former occasions; a repetition of which there is very little likelihood of during the present season, at least till the Spring sun shall, by its genial warmth and enlivening aspect, have given a new complexion to the sporting, as well as the vegetable world.

On Saturday, December 2, a stag was turned out before his Majesty's hounds at Tower-hill. After an excellent run of two hours, he was taken near Sir Richard Cope's, at Bramshill Park. After the chace, his Majesty and Prince Ernest, attended by Lords Westmorland, Chesterfield, and Cathcart, rode to Demezy's, Hartford-Bridge, and took chaise for Windsor.

On Saturday, December 9, the Ball Heviour (a deer whose gallant exploits we have frequently related) was turned out before his Majesty's hounds at Tower-hill, going off in a stile that seemed to say, "catch me if you can." He crossed Whitmore, and leaving Martin's Heron on the left, soon topt Long Hill. Here the hounds were stopt for the first time. As soon as the King came up, and the signal given, away they went over Chavey Down to Charidge Farm, and by Winkfield Plain, to Cranbourn Park. Here the hounds tailing very much, were got together by the leading ones being stopt; in the mean time, the chace had leaped the paling, and gone through the wood, and over the heath to Mr. Crutchley's Park. Disdaining to avail himself of the shelter the waters and covers of this place seemed to offer him, he boldly topt the pales on the opposite side, and again facing the open country, he crossed Ascot race-ground, and by the obelisk to Swinley. Here he artfully unharboured a hind, which soon falling a prey to tail hounds, his cunning availed him but little, for the leading hounds lay close to his haunches, and drove him with unabated speed over Cæsar's camp, Wickham Bushes, Easthampstead Plain, and by Hannikin's Lodge, to those stupendous hills called Finchampstead Ridges. Here a farmer's dog heading him, gave the beaten sportsmen an opportunity of rejoining the chace, which made back for Wokingham, where he was taken, after an excellent run of three hours and twenty minutes. Of the original field of fifty horsemen, only three were able to lay by the hounds, viz. Mr. John Cotterell of Wickhill, another gentleman, and Gosden, the yeoman pricker.

On Tuefday, December 12, the King's hounds met at Tower-hill, but the morning being very tempeftuous, his Majefty did not hunt.

Saturday, December 16, the deer was turned out at the fame place; and after a fevere burft of an hour and an half, was taken in the water in the Great Park. Sharp, one of the Yeoman Prickers, getting up at the moment when the hounds were pulling the deer under water, inftantly difmounted, and plunging into the ftream, feized the deer with one hand, and keeping the hounds off with the other, (to the admiration of every fportfman prefent) brought him fafe to land.

The King hunted on Saturday the 23d—the deer turned out at Tower-hill, and taken after two hours running at Purbright—the day fo foggy, that when the deer was taken, not one of the company knew where they were, and fome time elapfed before the King's attendants could get information which road to take for Windfor.

CHACE AND DEATH OF A HIGHWAYMAN.

A Coach and poft-chaife were ftopped and robbed on Wednefday evening, December 20, by a fingle highwayman, on Beggar-bufh Heath, near the twenty-two mile ftone on the Bagfhot Road. A hue-and-cry being raifed, he was purfued down Cowarth-lane, and, leaping his horfe over the edge, got to the Great Park pales—his horfe refufing to leap the pales, he difmounted, and got over—finding his purfuers gain upon him, he cut off his boots, and pulling off his coat, leaped into Virginia water. The noife made by his purfuers, brought out Lenham, the perfon who looks after the water, on the oppofite fide. The unfortunate man, thus finding himfelf befet on every fide, after fwimming a confiderable way, and crying for mercy, funk and was drowned. After fearching for a length of time, Lenham found the body. He appeared to have been a well-made man, about twenty-four years of age; his cloaths had been much mended, his ftockings with fcarce any feet to them—two pawnbrokers duplicates were found in his pockets, one for a watch, the other for a pair of fpurs; two purfes, containing between feven and eight pounds, and a dinner bill, by which it appears that he dined the fame day at the Wheat Sheaf, Virginia Water.

His body was carried to the public-houfe, at Bifhopfgate, but not being owned, was buried the Tuefday following at Old Windfor.

SIR HENRY ST. JOHN MILDMAY, BART.

A Paragraph has appeared in feveral of the London and Country papers this month, relative to the above gentleman, and which we publifh, to fhew with what infenfibility fome men can *work up* a ftory to afflict the minds of their fellow-creatures, and that too without even fhewing what the gratification is, or can be from fuch a proceeding:

"Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart. a few days fince, met with the following extraordinary accident at his feat in Hampfhire: returning from a hard chace with his horfe

Telegraph,

Telegraph, (which he bought of Lord Villiers for six hundred guineas), he dismounted, and told his groom he thought he might now venture to pat him, and accordingly put his right hand towards his neck, when the horse instantly seized it in his mouth, and held it there for more than a minute, in despite of all the endeavours of two grooms to disengage it; the consequence was, that Sir Henry was compelled to suffer an amputation of all his fingers from that hand in the course of the day."

The only notice we can at present furnish on the foregoing, is the following, transmitted to us by a correspondent, and which at least justifies our remarks on the folly and cruelty of such fabricated intelligence.

"We are requested to correct a mistake which has appeared in several of the London and Country papers, respecting an accident stated to have happened to Sir H. Mildmay, by a vicious horse, the effects of which have been highly exaggerated, and the circumstances attending it are without the least foundation."

DEATH OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FITZGERALD.

[*See page* 324, *Vol X. and page* 27, *of the present Volume.*]

WHEN the unfortunate Miss King was compelled to quit England, on account of her disgrace, it was discovered, on her arrival in Dublin, that the servant maid who accompanied her favoured the views of the seducer. On her consequent dismission from the service, she returned to England, and was the bearer of a private letter to Colonel Fitzgerald, the seducer of the young Lady, the contents of which were, it is said, sufficient to induce the Colonel, even at the risk of his life, to make an effort to regain the young Lady; but his finances not enabling him to undertake the journey, he borrowed a sum of money of an amiable woman, who ought ever to have been most dear to him, under the pretence of making a visit to Dorsetshire. Thus accommodated, he set out for the Sister Kingdom, and arrived at the village of Killworth, near Michlestown, the residence of the Noble Family, the place where the young Lady was then kept, and whose conduct was there watched with particular vigilance. The events which ensued are stated to be as follows:—

It should, however, be first mentioned, that since the above unfortunate affair, Lord Kingsborough's father died in Ireland, of course his Lordship became Earl of Kingston, and his son, (who fought the duel with Colonel Fitzgerald) Lord Kingsborough.

Various accounts have been published, but we believe the following to be most correct:—

Fitzgerald, as already observed, doubtless went to Ireland, with a manifest intention of adding, if possible, to the misery he had already caused in Lord Kingston's family; when there, he had even the hardihood to drive up to Lord Mountcashel's house, (Lord K.'s son-in-law) having obtained previous information that his Lordship was not in the country, and there made minute enquiries about the person he was in search of. The servants concluding he meant Miss King, (now Lady C. King) told him she was gone to Cork. Satisfield with this intelligenee, he drove to the Inn at Kilworth, just by Lord Mountcashel's, and immediately engaged a place in the Cork stage, that

that was to set off early the next morning. Shortly after this, Lord Kingston and his second son, Lieutenant-Colonel King, (not Lord Kingsborough, as has been erroneously stated) arrived at the same inn, and upon their discovering Fitzgerald, and apprised of his having been at Lord Mountcashel's, &c. Lord Kingston entered Fitzgerald's room, a scuffle ensued, and his Lordship shot him dead.

The Coroner's verdict we understand to be in effect, "that the deceased lost his life by a pistol ball fired by the Earl of Kingston."

ETCHING OF CART HORSES.

MR. Howit (not Hewit, as erroneously printed in one or two former Numbers) has favoured us with an Etching of CART HORSES, and means to follow this Plate up with others of the different breed of Horses.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

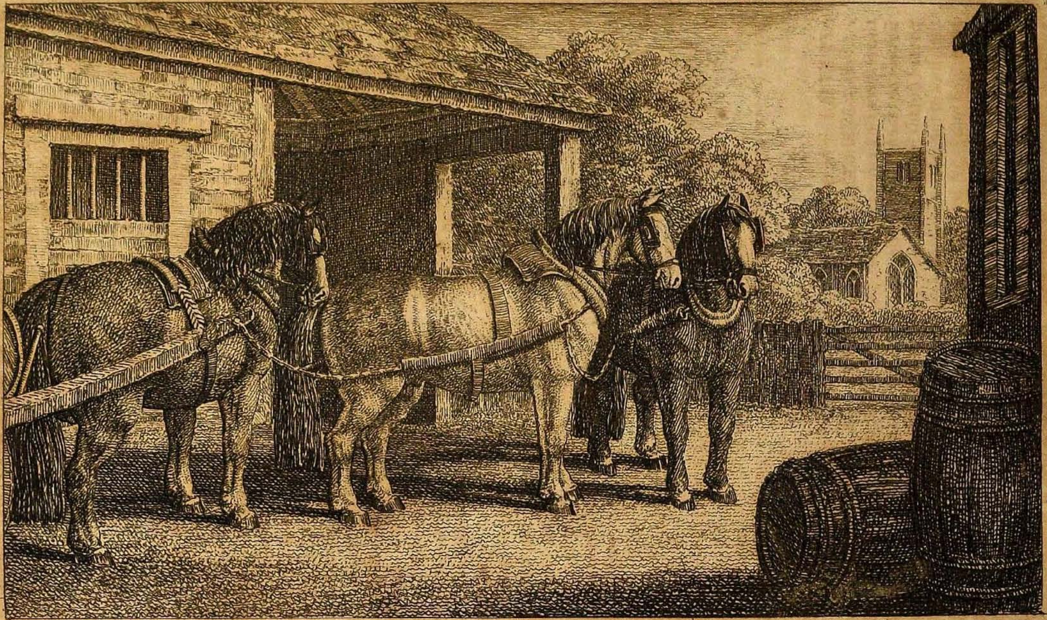
THE NATURE OF THE DOG.

[*From the Semainier, a Paris Paper.*]

"WILL it be unworthy history --Will it be a departure from the respect I owe my readers to preserve the memory of a dog, who poured out his life with his grief upon the ashes of the man, whose hand had nourished him? A few days before the 9th* Thermidor, a Revolutionary Tribunal in one of the departments of the North of France condemned to death M. des R———, an antient Magistrate, and a most estimable man, *guilty*, at fifty leagues from Paris, of a conspiracy, which had not existed at St. Lazare. M. des R——— had a Water Spaniel, of ten or twelve years old, of the small breed, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. Des R——— in prison saw his family dispersed by the system of terror—some had taken flight; others, themselves arrested, were carried into distant gaols; his domestics were dismissed; his house was buried in the solitude of the seals; his friends either abandoned him, or concealed themselves; every thing in the world was silent to him, except his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house, and found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbour, who received him; but, that posterity may judge soundly of the times, in which we have existed, it must be added, that this man received him trembling, in secret, and dreading lest his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold. Every day, at the same hour, the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance, but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was, one day, allowed to enter. The dog saw his master. It was difficult to separate them; but the gaoler carried him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; and once each day he was admired. He licked the hand of his friend—looked at him—licked his hand again, and went away of himself.

"When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, not-

* The day on which Robespierre was overthrown.



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ETCHING OF CART HORSES.

Published Jan.y 1 1798, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

notwithſtanding the guard, he penetrated into the hall, and couched himſelf between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to loſe for ever. The Judges condemned this man; and—may my tears be pardoned for the expreſſion, which eſcapes from them—they condemned him in the preſence of his dog. They re-conducted him to priſon, and the dog, for that time, did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives—the priſon opens—the unfortunate man paſſes out—it is the dog that receives him at the threſhold. He clings upon his hand. Alas! that hand will never more be ſpread upon thy careſſing head! He follows him. The axe falls, the maſter dies, but the tenderneſs of the dog cannot ceaſe. The body is carried away, he walks at its ſide; the earth receives it, he lays himſelf upon the grave.

"There he paſſed the firſt night, the next day, the ſecond night. The neighbour, in the mean time, unhappy at not ſeeing him, riſks himſelf, ſearches for the dog, gueſſes from the extent of his fidelity the aſylum he has choſen, finds him, careſſes him, brings him back, and makes him eat. About an hour afterwards, the dog eſcaped, and regained his favourite place. Three months paſſed away, each morning of which he came to ſeek his food, and then returned to the aſhes of his maſter; but each day he was more ſad, more meagre, more languiſhing, and it was plain that he was gradually reaching his end. They endeavoured by chaining him up to wean him; but you cannot triumph over nature! He broke, or bit through his bonds; eſcaped; returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they endeavoured to bring him back. They carried him food, but he eat no longer. For four and twenty hours he was ſeen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth, that ſeparated him from the remains of the man he had ſo much loved. Paſſion gave him ſtrength, and he gradually approached the body; his labours of affection then vehemently increaſed, his efforts became convulſive; he ſhrieked in his ſtruggles; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his laſt gaſp, as if he knew that he had found his maſter!"

GENERAL COURT MARTIAL.

COLONEL M. BURGOYNE.

THE accuſations exhibited againſt Montague Burgoyne, Eſq. Colonel of the Loyal Eſſex regiment of Fencible Cavalry were ſeventeen in number, the proſecutors were three of his own ſerjeants, Henry Ventrice, John Cooper, and Philip Woodham:—the charges preferred were moſtly upon the head of falſe muſters and returns.

The Court gave a diſtinct ſentence upon each charge, and at the concluſion they attach the following, which contains the ſubſtance of their opinions upon the whole.

"On the whole, the Court, referring to the above opinions pronounced by them on the ſeparate articles of charge, declare, that although it has appeared to them, that on ſome of the matters of the preceding charges there has been much irregularity and want of attention to the ſtrict rules of the ſervice, yet as they are fully ſatisfied that Colonel Burgoyne was actuated by no unworthy intentions, and in reſpect that he ſtands acquitted on ſo many of the above charges, and that no charge diſhonourable to him has been ſubſtantiated, they therefore beg leave in

moſt

most humble manner, to recommend Colonel Burgoyne to his Majesty's clemency.

"They further beg leave to subjoin their opinion, that the prosecutor, Henry Ventrice, has been guilty of gross prevarication in his evidence upon oath, as well as of the most improper conduct, in mutilating a piece of written evidence produced by himself, and on which he founded as matter of accusation against Colonel Burgoyne."

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, EDIN. DEC. 18, 1797.

GENERAL ORDERS.

The whole of the proceedings of the aforesaid General Court Martial, on the trial of Colonel Montague Burgoyne, of the Loyal Essex regiment of Fencible Cavalry, having been laid before the King, his Majesty has altogether approved of the opinion and sentence of the Court Martial, as applied to each article of charge severally, as well as to the whole matter collectively, whereby Colonel Burgoyne is absolved from the imputation of any act unbecoming the character of a Gentleman, or of having, in any instance, harboured a dishonourable intention.

With respect to the two points, in which the Court Martial has declared Colonel Burgoyne's conduct to have been irregular and open to censure, but has, at the same time, recommended him to his Majesty's clemency, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to dispense with his receiving any other reprimand than that which the animadversion made by the Court Martial virtually conveys, and which his Majesty trusts will operate as a monition to him, in the statement and arrangement of all matters that may concern the regiment under his command, to observe invariably the direct and regular course, and to conform to the accustomed rules of the service; by which means he will deprive any persons who may be unfavourably disposed towards him, of an opportunity of misrepresenting the motives of his conduct.

Upon the whole, his Majesty has been pleased to direct, that Colonel Burgoyne be released from his arrest, and restored to the functions of his commission.

It is General Lord Adam Gordon's order, that the foregoing articles of charge, opinions, and sentences, together with his Majesty's pleasure, signified thereupon, be circulated and read to all the regular, fencible, and militia forces in North Britain.

SEARCHING FOR CONTRABAND GOODS.

A Few days since two revenue officers, having received what they term a *dead information* against an old woman, who daily attends Brighton market with vegetables, way laid her, on her return from market, betwixt Preston and Patcham, and insisted on searching her cart for contraband spirits; the old woman in vain assured them of her innocence; the officers, however, proceeded to search, and on turning over some straw, discovered a couple of casks, one of which they immediately busied themselves in unbunging, and having effected it, part of its contents, yeast in the highest state of fermentation, flew with such violence over both their faces and eyes, that the old woman had secured her frothy commodity, and proceeded in merry mood some distance on the road, before the disappointed officers had recovered their sight, when they cast a leer of chagrin after the cart, and sneaked back towards Brighton.

THE

THE HORSE FROM BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Tranſlated from the French.

(*Continued from page* 65.)

THERE is in Nature a general prototype of every ſpecies, upon which each individual is modelled, but which ſeems, in its actual productual, to be depraved or improved by circumſtances; ſo that, with regard to certain qualities, there appears to be an unaccountable variation in the ſucceſſes of individuals, and, at the ſame time, an admiral uniformity in the entire ſpecies. The firſt animal, the firſt horſe, for example, has been the external and internal model, upon which all the horſes that have exiſted, or ſhall exiſt, have been formed. But this model, of which we know only copies, has had, in communicating and multiplying its form, the power of adulterating or of improving itſelf. The original impreſſion is preſerved in each individual. But among millions of individuals, not one exactly reſembles another, nor, of courſe, the model from which they ſprung. This difference, which ſhows that Nature is not abſolute, but knows how to vary her works by infinite ſhades, is equally conſpicuous in the human ſpecies, in all animals, and in all vegetables. What is ſingular, this model of the beautiful and the excellent, ſeems to be diſperſed over every region of the earth, a portion of which reſides in all climates, and always degenerates, unleſs united with another portion brought from a diſtance. In order, therefore, to obtain good grain, beautiful flowers, &c. the ſeeds muſt be changed, and never ſown in the ſame ſoil that produced them. In the ſame manner, to have fine horſes, dogs, &c. the males and females of different countries muſt have reciprocal intercourſe. Without this precaution, all grain, flowers, and animals degenerate, or rather receive an impreſſion from the climate ſo ſtrong as to deform and adulterate the ſpecies. This impreſſion remains, but it is disfigured by every feature that is not eſſential. By mixing races, on the contrary, or by croſſing the breed of different climates, beauty of form, and every other uſeful quality, are brought to perfection: Nature recovers her ſpring, and exhibits her beſt productions.

I mean not to enter into a detail of the cauſes of theſe effects, but ſhall confine myſelf to ſuch conjectures as moſt readily preſent themſelves. We know by experience, that animals or vegetables, tranſported from diſtant climates, often degenerate, and ſometimes come to perfection, in a few generations. This effect, it is obvious, is produced by difference of climate and of food. The operation of theſe two cauſes muſt, in proceſs of time, render ſuch animals exempt from, or ſuſceptible of certain affections, or certain diſeaſes. Their temperament muſt ſuffer a gradual change. Of courſe, their form, which partly depends on food and the qualities of the humours, muſt alſo, in the courſe of generations, ſuffer an alteration. This change, it is true, is hardly perceptible in the firſt generation; becauſe the male and female, which we ſuppoſed to be the origin of this race, being fully grown, had received their form and ſtructure before they were tranſported. The new climate and new food may change their temperament, but cannot have influence upon the ſolid and organic parts ſufficient to alter their form. The firſt generation of theſe animals, therefore, will not ſuffer any change in their figure; nor, at the inſtant of birth, will the ſtock be vitiated or depraved. But the young and tender ſtranger will feel a much ſtronger impreſſion from the climate than

than its father or mother experienced. The operation of food will likewise be so great as to influence the organic parts during the time of the animal's growth: a change will, of course, be introduced into its form; the seeds of imperfection will be sown, and appear, in a sensible manner, in the second generation, which will not only labour under its own proper defects, or those proceeding from its growth and nourishment, but inherit all the vices of the second stock. Lastly, the imperfections and deformities transmitted to the third generation, being combined with the influence of the climate and food during the growth of the animal, will become so great as to obliterate entirely the characters of the original stock. Hence, in a few generations, animals transported into a climate different from their own, lose all their distinctive qualities, and acquire those peculiar to the country they are obliged to inhabit. In France, Spanish or Barbary horses, when the breed is not crossed, become French horses, sometimes in the second generation, and always in the third. Instead of preserving the breed distinct, therefore, it is necessary to cross it every generation, by admiting Spanish or Barbary horses to the mares of the country. It is singular, that this renewing of the race, which is only partial, produces better effects than if it were complete. A Spanish horse and mare will not produce such fine horses in France, as those bred from a Spanish horse and a French mare. This may easily be conceived, if we attend to the compensation of defects which necessarily happens, when males and females of different countries are allowed to intermix. Every climate, by its influence, joined to that of the food, gives a certain conformation of parts, which errs either by excess or defect. When a warm climate produces redundancies in particular parts, a cold climate gives rise to deficiencies in the same parts. Hence, when animals of opposite climates intermix, an exact compensation is effected. As the most perfect work of Nature is that in which there are fewest defects, and as the most perfect forms are those which have fewest deformities, the production of two animals, whose faults exactly compensate each other, will be the most perfect of the kind. Now, this compensation being alway completest, when animals of remote, or rather of opposite climates are joined, the compound resulting from the mixture is more or less perfect, in proportion as the excess or defects in the constitution of the father are opposed to those peculiar to the mother.

To have good horses, therefore, in the temperate climate of France, stallions should be brought from the warmest or the coldest countries. The Arabian or Barbary horses ought to have the preference; and, after them, those of Spain and of Naples. With regard to cold climates, the horses of Denmark should be preferred, and next to them, those of Holstein and Friesland. All these stallions, when admitted to French mares, will produce very fine horses; and they will always be better and more beautiful, in proportion as the climate is more remote from that of France; so that the Arabian horse is preferable to the Barb, and the Barb to the Spanish. In the same manner, stallions brought from Denmark will produce finer horses than those brought from Friesland. When stallions from very warm or very cold countries cannot be procured, they should be brought from England or Germany, or even from the southern provinces of France to the northern. Some advantage is always obtained by serving mares with strange horses; for when those of the same race, and in the same stud, are allowed to intermix, they infallibly degenerate in a very short time.

The

The influence of climate and of food upon the human ſpecies, is not ſo great as upon other animals. The reaſon is obvious. Man defends himſelf better than any other animal from the intemperance of the climate. He accommodates his lodging and clothes to the nature of the ſeaſon. His food is more various, and, conſequently, does not operate in the ſame manner upon every individual. The defects or redundancies which proceed from theſe two cauſes, and which are ſo conſtant and ſo perceptible in the animals, are by no means equally conſpicuous in man. As migrations have often happened, as whole nations have intermixed, and as many men travel and diſperſe themſelves through every quarter of the globe, it is not ſurpriſing that the human race are leſs ſubject to the influence of climate, and that ſtrong, handſome, and even ingenious men, are to be found in every country. It is probable, however, that, from an experience, of which all remembrance is now loſt, men had diſcovered the evils that reſult from alliances of the ſame blood; for even among the moſt unpoliſhed nations, a brother has rarely been permitted to marry his ſiſter. This cuſtom, which, amongſt Chriſtians, is a divine law, and which is obſerved by other people from political motives, may have originally been founded on obſervation. Policy, unleſs when derived from phyſical conſiderations, never extends in a manner ſo general and ſo abſolute. But, if men once diſcovered by experience that their race degenerated, when intercourſe was permitted among children of the ſame family, they would ſoon regard the alliances of different families, as a law eſtabliſhed by Nature. In a word, we may preſume from analogy, that, in moſt climates, men, like other animals, would degenerate after a certain number of generations.

The variety in the colour of animals is another effect to be aſcribed to the influence of climate and food. Wild animals which live in the ſame climate, are of the ſame colour, varying only in brightneſs or deepneſs, according to the ſeaſons of the year. Thoſe, on the contrary, which live under different climates, differ likewiſe in colour; and domeſtic animals are ſo prodigiouſly varied, that we have horſes, dogs, cats, &c. of every kind of colour. But the ſtag, the hare, &c. are uniformly of the ſame colour. The injuries received from the climate, which are always the ſame, and the conſtant eating of the ſame food, produce this uniformity in the wild animals. The care of man, the luxury of ſhelter, and the variety of nouriſhment, efface and variegate the original colours in domeſtic animals. The mixture of foreign races, eſpecially when the males and females are not of the ſame colour, produce the ſame effect, and ſometimes give riſe to beautiful varieties, as the pied horſes, in which the white and black are often diſpoſed in a manner ſo fanciful, as to ſeem to be rather the operation of art than of nature.

In coupling horſes, regard ſhould be had to the ſtature and the colour: the figures ſhould be contraſted, and the breed croſſed by ſtallions from the moſt oppoſite climates. Horſes and mares brought up in the ſame ſtud ſhould never be allowed to intermix. Theſe are eſſential requiſites. But there are other circumſtances which ought not to be neglected. For example, in a ſtud, no mares, with ſhort tails, ſhould be kept; becauſe, being unable to defend themſelves from the flies, they are perpetually tormented. The continual agitation occaſioned by the ſtinging of theſe inſects, diminiſhes the quantity of milk, which has ſo great an influence on the conſtitution and ſtature of the foal, that its vigour is always proportioned to the goodneſs of its nurſe. Brood-mares ſhould be choſen from thoſe which have been always

pastured, and never fatigued with labour. Mares which have been long nourished in a stable with dry food, and afterwards turned out to grass, conceive not at first. Time is necessary to accustom them to this new kind of nourishment.

The common season of mares is from the beginning of April to the end of June; but the ardour of some not unfrequently appears at a more early period. An ardour so premature should be repressed; because the foal would be brought forth in cold weather, and, consequently, suffer both from the intemperance of the season and from bad milk. If this ardour appears not till after the month of June, it should likewise be repressed; because the foal would be produced in summer, and would not acquire strength enough to resist the rigors of winter.

Instead of conducting the stallion to the mare, it is not uncommon to allow him to go loose in the parks where the mares are feeding, and to single out such as are in season. By this method the mares conceive more readily. But it injures the stallion more in six weeks, than he would be by six years exercise, moderated and conducted in the manner above directed.

When the impregnated mares begin to grow heavy, they should be separated from those which are not in that condition, to prevent them from receiving any injury. Their period of gestation is generally eleven months and some days. They bring forth in a standing posture, while most other quadrupeds lie down. When the delivery is difficult, they require the assistance of man; and, when the foal is dead, it is extracted with cords. As in most animals, the colt first presents its head. In escaping from the uterus it breaks the membranes, and the waters flow abundantly. The waters are accompanied with several solid masses, formed by the sediment of the liquor of the allantoides. Those masses, called *hippomanes* by the ancients, are not, as they supposed, pieces of flesh attached to the head of the foal; they are, on the contrary, separated from the foal by the *amnios.* Immediately after birth, the mare licks the foal: but she never touches the *hippomanes,* though the ancients assert that she instantly devours it.

It is usual to cover a mare nine days after she has foaled, that no time may be lost, and that every possible profit may be derived from the stud. It is certain, however, that her strength being divided, she is unable to nourish both a foal and a fœtus so successfully as if she had but one at a time. To procure excellent horses, therefore, the mares should be covered but once in two years, which would make them live longer, and hold more surely; for, in ordinary studs, it is well if an half or two thirds bring forth in a year.

Mares, though impregnated, can suffer to be covered; and yet there are no instances of superfœtation. In general, they are capable of producing to the age of 14 or 15 years, and the most vigorous produce not after 18. Stallions, when properly managed, retain their prolific powers to the age of 20 years, and sometimes longer: and, as in man, those which begin too early are soonest extinguished; for the large horses, which come sooner to maturity than fine ones, and are employed as stallions at the age of four years, are commonly useless at 15.

The life of horses, as in every species of animals, is proportioned to the time of their growth. Man, who grows 14 years, can live six or seven times as long, i. e. 90 or 100. The horse whose growth is accomplished in four years, can live six or seven times as much, i. e. 25 or 30. The exceptions to this rule are so few, that no conclusions can be drawn

drawn from them. And, as large horses come sooner to maturity than the delicate ones, their lives are likewise shorter, and they are superannuated in 15 years.

In horses, and most other quadrupeds, the growth of the posterior parts seems at first to be greater than that of the anterior. But, in man, the growth of the inferior parts is at first less than that of the superior: for the thighs and legs of infants are, in proportion to their bodies, much less than those of adults. The hind legs of the foal, on the contrary, are so long, that they can reach his head, which is by no means the case after he acquires his full growth. But this difference proceeds not so much from the inequality in the total growth of the anterior and posterior parts, as from the unequal lengths of the fore and hind feet, which uniformly holds through all Nature, and is most remarkable in quadrupeds. Man's feet are larger, and likewise soon formed, than his hands. The greatest part of the horse's hind-leg is only a foot, being composed of bones corresponding to the tarsus, metatarsus, &c. It is not, therefore, surprising, that this foot should be sooner expanded than the fore-leg, the inferior part of which represents the hand, being composed of the bones of the carpus, metacarpus, &c. This difference is easily perceived immediately after a foal is brought forth. The fore-legs, when compared with the hind ones, are proportionably much shorter than they are to be afterwards. Besides, the thickness which the body acquires, though independent of the proportional growth in length, increases the distance between the hind-feet and the head, and, consequently, prevents the animal, when full grown, from reaching the head.

In all animals, each species varies according to the climate; and the general results of these varieties constitute different races. Of these we can only distinguish the most remarkable, or those that sensibly differ from each other, passing over the intermediate shades, which here, as in all the operations of Nature, are infinite. We have even augmented their number and confusion by cherishing the mixture of races. If the expression may be used, we have dealt roughly with Nature, by bringing into our climates the horses of Asia and of Africa. By introducing into France the horses of every country, the primitive race cannot now be recognised; so that, to distinguish horses, there remains only a few slight characters produced by the actual influence of the climate. These characters would be still better marked, and the differences more sensible, if the races of each climate were preserved without mixture. These small varieties would be more apparent and less numerous; but there would be a certain number of great varieties, which every man could distinguish with ease. Instead of which, habit, and even long experience, are necessary to enable us to know the horses of different countries. On this subject we have no light but what is derived from the books of travellers, the works of Newcastle, Garsault, Gueriniere, &c. and some remarks communicated to us by M. de Pignerolles, master of horse to the King of France, and president of the academy of Angers.

The Arabian horses are the most beautiful. They are larger, more fleshy, and handsomer than the Barbs. But, as they are seldom brought into France, few observations have been made with regard to their perfections or defects.

(To be continued.)

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

LAW SUIT CONCERNING THE PAINTING OF A HORSE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, DEC. 2.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon in Westminster Hall.

GARRARD *v.* DAN.

MR. Erskine stated that the plaintiff was a painter of great eminence, particularly in horses; to prove which, he should examine a person of the greatest skill and experience in the world, in that branch of the Fine Arts, whose name was unrivalled, Mr. Stubbs. This gentleman, as well as many others of the same profession would speak of the merit of the plaintiff, as a painter, as well as of that of the particular subject which was now to be submitted to the Jury.

This action was brought by Mr. Garrard against Mr. Dan, an attorney of this Court, a very respectable man, and of the first eminence in his profession. He had no instructions to say any thing disrespectful of him, nor would he follow such instructions if he had them. Undoubtedly he was a man of honour; he resisted this demand upon him from a little misapprehension. He was sorry he did not know of this dispute between the parties a little sooner; had he been consulted about it before it came into Court, he would have taken upon himself the arbitration of this cause.

Mr. Garrow said he wished Mr. Erskine to do it now.

Mr. Erskine then proceeded. He said that Mr. Dan had a favourite horse which he was desirous to have a picture of, he therefore determined to have it done by a skilful artist: and why not? There was no impropriety in it. Mr. Garrard was recommended to Mr. Dan by a friend of both, and an honourable man, Mr. Cox. It was therefore agreed that the horse should sit for his picture and receive the visits of the Artist. This was in the year 1796. Mr. Dan wrote to Mr. Garrard a letter, in consequence of which the portrait was begun and finished. The plaintiff afterwards wrote to the defendant to know when the picture should be sent, but receiving no answer, he left the picture at the defendant's house. Afterwards the defendant was dissatisfied with the picture, on account of its being represented as trotting down hill. He wanted him to go on level ground, and after he wrote to the plaintiff a letter, the picture was taken back and altered. But the defendant was still dissatisfied with, and insisted that it was not worth twenty-five guineas, the price which the plaintiff charged for it, and whether the plaintiff ought to have that money for it was now the only question. In considering such a case as this, the Jury were not to look upon painting as a common mechanic act. It was a work of genius, and ought to be estimated accordingly. No man when he employed a painter, should think of asking him to send in his bill like a common mechanic. A painter had his price, which was always known to those who employed him. Such was the case with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Hopner, Mr. West, &c. Such was the case also with the present plaintiff, Mr. Garrard. That price was twenty-five guineas. Mr. Dan had paid fifteen guineas into Court. But he apprehended that that fact put an end to the cause, for by taking the picture the whole money

ney must be paid, because there was no estimating the value of the thing by any rule but that of the common price of the artist. If Mr. Dan was dissatisfied with the picture, he ought to have returned it. But the law would not permit him to keep the picture and set his own value upon it below the price of the artist. There was a case similar to this already decided. Painting required talents, and talents were not always at the command even of their possessor, and therefore the works of genius were not to be measured by mechanical rules. Here the defence was, that the money paid into Court was equal to the value of the picture. This was a mistake in point of law; for the party could not go upon the *quantum meruit.* The defendant, by taking the picture, had acknowledged that the plaintiff had performed his part of the contract, and therefore the defendant ought to perform his. The truth of the matter was, the price of 25 guineas charged by the plaintiff for painting the likeness of a horse, was as much of course as if a man was to go into one of the boxes of the Theatre and pay five shillings for it. If a man was to go into a box to see a play, and the box-keeper was to let him pass and see the first act of it before he called upon him for the money for his admission, and he was afterwards called upon to pay it, and he was to say—here is half a crown for you; from what I have seen of your play it does not seem to me to be worth more. He apprehended that the Treasurer would hardly be satisfied with the box-keeper if he did not insist upon having five shillings.

Lord Kenyon.—The price of theatrical amusements has been raised since you were at the playhouse, Mr. Erskine.

Mr. Erskine observed that this refusal to pay the 25 guineas, remined him of a story where a Jewess went with her son Moses; he happening to behave a little amiss, was thrown over into the Pit, and then carried out. The mother applied to the door-keeper to have the money back, because, she said, Moses had not seen the play. But to be serious. This was a cause of some consequence to the plaintiff, because his professional reputation was at stake in it. He should therefore call the most celebrated men in the profession to give their opinions upon the picture.

Mr. Garrow said there was no necessity for that, for the plaintiff had the first Advocate in England to state that he was one of the greatest artists in the world; he wished this business to be settled out of Court.

Lord Kenyon asked what reason there was for not referring the case to Mr. Stubbs?

Mr. Garrow said that there could be no objection, except that he had already formed his opinion upon it.

Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Hopner, Mr. Cocks, and Mr. Barret, all gave it as their opinion, that the painting (which was exhibited in Court) was a very fine performance. They admitted it had some defects, but they never saw a painting without them. Mr. Stubbs said, he never thought any of his own perfect; he should have charged thirty-five guineas for doing the same thing. They all spoke of the painting; they knew nothing of the likeness, for they had never seen the horse.

Mr. Garrow, on the part of the defendant, allowed that there would have been no objection to the paying of twenty-five guineas, or any other sum for this painting, provided it was what the defendant wanted, and what he contracted for

for, namely, a Likeneſs of his own Horſe. This was not ſo, and therefore, the defendant did not chooſe to pay twenty-five guineas for it. He obſerved, that if his learned friend, Mr. Erſkine, were to give to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, or any other celebrated artiſt, directions to paint for them a likeneſs of his Right Honourable and intimate friend Mr. Fox, and, that inſtead of it, the painter ſhould ſend him ſomething elſe, for inſtance, a likeneſs of Mr. Pitt, he would, moſt likely, be a little diſpleaſed with the diſappointment. He certainly would not pay for the painting, nor ſhould he, for it would not be the thing he contracted for; preciſely ſo was the caſe of the defendant; he had contracted for a likeneſs of his horſe, which was a very fine charger; he had not that, but ſomething elſe, for which he did not contract, and therefore ought not to be called upon to pay.

Several reſpectable gentlemen who were in the habit of viſiting the defendant, Mr. Dan, and who had often ſeen him ride the horſe of which the picture in queſtion was the painting, ſwore that they did not think it a good likeneſs. They found fault with the near fore leg; they thought the creſt was made to rear too much, and the head was made to hold much too high; whereas Mr. Dan rode his horſe with a curb, and kept his head near his breaſt, &c.

Mr. Erſkine ſaid, it was the meereſt of accidents that he was not of Counſel for Mr. Dan, who was, beyond all doubt, a man eminent for honourable feelings and correct conduct. If he had been his Counſel he ſhould have adviſed him to pay this money at once, for the plaintiff was entitled to it according to the rules of law, as well as the principles of juſtice—Mr. Dan was otherwiſe adviſed. Mr. Dan was a good attorney, and this was a profeſſional defence merely. He came into Court "to ſet aſide this picture with coſts, becauſe there was a variance." It was "underſtood" inſtead of "undſtood," and a painter was out of Court with his caſe, becauſe he did not paint with a pencil of a Special Pleader; and there was no demurrer to this plea, becauſe it was "matter of ſubſtance, and not of form."—"My learned friend," ſaid Mr. Erſkine, "has put a caſe; he ſuppoſes that if I had given to Sir Joſhua Reynolds, or any other eminent artiſt directions to paint a likeneſs of my Right Honourable and moſt valuable friend Mr. Fox, and the painter was to ſend to me a likeneſs of Mr. Pitt, I ſhould be enraged. It would certainly be another thing, and although I do not carry much enmity about me, I ſhould certainly not be very well pleaſed. If the likeneſs was correct, I ſhould tell the painter, "Why, Sir, the creſt rears too much! The head is a good deal too high! Beſides, Sir, there is no Curb! I do not like this performance at all, this is a mad War Horſe! You know, good Sir, I wanted no ſuch thing, I will give you nothing for him. However, you need not deſpair, there are many richer men than I am, who will give you a good deal of money for him, but I ſhall not. I prefer the other, and I appeal to the taſte and good ſenſe of the honeſt plain people of this country, whether I am right or wrong in my judgment. I put this iſſue; who is the more uſeful or the more valuable of the two in the honeſt man's cabinet, Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox? Why, Gentlemen, although I am ſure I ſhould obtain a verdict here, I ſhould be beat to the devil up ſtairs! Gentlemen, I am ſure you will pardon me, for a little mirth is a good thing in this melancholy life—I now return to the

ſubject,

ubject, and submit to you that the plaintiff's claim is supported by Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Hopner, and Mr. Barret; and is supported by law and by justice, and therefore I am sure of your verdict."

Lord Kenyon was clearly of opinion, that without forming any opinion of the painting, the defendant was bound to pay in this case the twenty-five guineas; because his course should have been to return the picture if he did not approve it. By taking the picture he subjected himself to the price of it.

Verdict for the plaintiff, damage Ten Guineas.

LAW SUIT RELATIVE TO THE STARVING TWO COACH HORSES AT A STRAW YARD.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, DEC. 3.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon.

JAMES, ESQ. *v.* DIBBLE.

The plaintiff is a gentleman of fortune, and the defendant a farmer in the country.

This was a case of importance to the public. The plaintiff sent a pair of coach horses in the month of November, 1796, to the straw yard of the defendant, in consequence of an advertisement which he saw in the public prints. He paid him Six Shillings a week for each horse, and for that they were to have hay, straw, and a peck and an half of oats every day. But it was alledged by the plaintiff in his declaration, that the defendant had not fed them with corn and other provender, whereby they had become diseased and unfit for work, and therefore this action was brought for damages.

The evidence given in this case on the part of the plaintiff and defendant was very contradictory.

On the part of the plaintiff it was said, that they had been in the defendant's yard for five months, that they were so poor that they could not walk home, though it was only at the distance of six miles, and that they were only fit for the dogs. One of the witnesses said he would not have taken a present of them. And two farriers deposed, that on examining their dung after they came home, they were certain they had had no corn, and they thought they had been fed with thatch, as they saw no marks of hay or of sound straw.

On the part of the defendant, they called several witnesses who had fed them, who positively swore that these horses had been fed daily with corn, straw, and hay, till the two last months they were there, when they had only straw and hay. But the defendant, they said, did not charge for corn in his bill for the two last months. It was also said, that these horses were only fit for the dogs when they came to the Straw-yard.

Two Gentlemen, who had also horses there, swore that there was excellent accommodation of all sorts at the defendant's yard, that the greatest care was taken of the horses, and that theirs had come home in excellent condition. It was in consideration of that case and accommodation, that they paid Six Shillings a week, which was higher than the ordinary price. One of the witnesses made a most ridiculous figure. When on cross-examination he was asked what he was, he said he did not come into that Court to answer questions by which the public might know his history. At last, when pressed, he condescended, with an air of vast

pomp and consequence, to tell the Jury, *That he was a Gentleman of independent fortune.* It appeared by his own evidence that he had been a waiter at the Spaniards; that he had then been a servant to the plaintiff, that he had afterwards been a cheese-monger; and last of all, he had fortunately became an independent gentleman.

Lord Kenyon said, this was a cause of very considerable importance. It was of great consequence to those who had horses to send to such straw-yards that they should be properly fed and taken care of; and no person of the least degree of humanity, would starve or ill use the brute part of the creation that could not take care of themselves. They were certainly worthy of the attention of humane and good men. The evidence was so different, that it must have been enormously distorted on the one side or the other. The man who took the horses down to the straw-yard, swore that they went thither in the space of an hour, and that the distance was six miles: and there was no imputation on that witness's character. When the horses came back again from the straw-yard, at the end of five months, they could only go one mile an hour. It had been sworn, on the part of the defendant, that these horses were in such high spirits, that they ran and galloped about, and could not be kept within bounds. One was sorry to see witnesses on the one side or the other so distort facts, which they ought to state plainly and fairly to the Jury. The defendant had no right to withdraw the corn from these horses towards the end of the time, without the consent of the plaintiff, who therefore must have a verdict, with such damages as the Jury should think he had a right to expect at their hands.

Verdict for plaintiff, damages Forty Shillings.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING.

Monday, November 13.—IGBOROW.

MR. Pottinger's Dancer won agst. Mr. Cooper's Xpress, 1 gui.

Mr. Pottinger's Darling won agst. Mr. Cooper's Xenophon, 1 gui.

Tuesday, November 14.—WESTACRE

GREYHOUNDS *entered for the* ORFORD CUP.

Mr. Forby's Zelinda won agst. Marquis Townshend's Elegant.

Mr. Hamond's Queen won agst. Mr. James's Rockley.

Mr. Hare's Riot won agst. Mr. Pottinger's Drone.

Matches.

Mr. Pottinger's Diamond agst. Mr. Forby's Zeluco, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Crowe's Sickel won agst. Mr. Forby's Ziba, 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Swift won agst. Mr. Forby's Zoilus, 1 gui.

Mr. James's Royal agst. Mr. Forby's Zilia, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. James's Romulus agst. Mr. Forby's Zigzag, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Crowe's Sagina won agst. Marquis Townshend's Evergreen, 1 gui.

Wednesday, November 15.—SMEE.

GREYHOUNDS *for the* CUP.

Mr. Hare's Riot won agst. Mr. Hamond's Queen and Mr. Forby's Zelinda.

RIOT *won the* CUP.

Matches.

Mr. Coppin's Cowslip won agst. Mr. Forby's Zephyr, 1 gui.

Mr.

Mr. Coppin's Comely won agſt. Mr. Forby's Zany, 1 gui.

Mr. Coppin's Catharine won agſt Mr. Forby's Zilia, 1 gui.

Mr. Forby's Zabida agſt. Mr. James's Rachael, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Forby's Zealot agſt. Mr. James's Royal, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Juno won agſt. James's Rarely, 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Sithe agſt. Mr. Pottinger's Dancer, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Crowe's Solon agſt. Mr. Pottinger's Darling, 1 gui. undecided.

Thurſday, November 16.—SECOND SMEE.

Mr. Crowe's Solon agſt. Mr. Pottinger's Darling, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Hare's Royal agſt. Mr. Forby's Zelander, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Crowe's Stella agſt. Mr. Pottinger's Dancer, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jupiter won agſt. Mr. James's Romulus, 1 gui.

Mr. Forby's Zilia won agſt. Mr. Hare's Ruler, 1 gui.

Mr. James's Rockley agſt Mr. Micklethwaite's Juno, 1 gui. undecided.

Friday, November 17.—SECOND WESTACRE.

Mr. Pottinger's Dandy won agſt. Mr. Crowe's Specula, 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Swift won agſt. Mr. Pottinger's Darling, 1 gui.

Mr. Coppin's Catharine won agſt. Mr. Hamond's Quippe, 1 gui.

Mr. Coppin's Comely won agſt. Mr. Micklethwaite's Jeſſica, 1 gui.

Mr. Coppin's Cowſlip won agſt. Mr. Crowe's Stella, 1 gui.

Mr. Forby's Ziba won agſt. Mr. James's Rarely, 1 gui.

Mr. James's Romulus agſt. Mr. Forby's Zilia, 1 gui undecided.

Mr. James's Royal agſt. Mr. Micklethwaite's Jugler, 1 gui. undecided.

Mr. Forby's Zoilus won agſt. Mr. Hare's Rubrick, 1 gui.

Saturday, November 18.—IGBOROW.

Mr. Pottinger's Dancer won agſt. Mr. Cooper's Xpreſs, 1 gui.

Mr. Parſon's Minx won agſt. Mr. Pottinger's Darling, 1 gui.

Sir John Sebright's Pelter won agſt Mr. Holt's Bumper, 1 gui.

Mr. Holt's Brimſtone won agſt. Sir John Sebright's Pellew, 1 gui.

Mr. Forby's Zany won agſt. Mr. Parſon's Minx, 1 gui.

Mr. Cooper's Xenophon won agſt. Mr. Pottinger's Darling, 1 gui.

Mr. Parſon's Monſter won agſt. Mr. Forby's Zany, 1 gui.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF the following fact, is worthy of your notice, you are welcome to inſert it.

Being on a viſit a few years ago, at a gentleman's, near York, he informed me, that he intended the next day to turn out a fallow deer before ſeven couple of harriers, belonging to a farmer in the neighbourhood. I accordingly accompanied him on the day appointed, and the deer was at that time in a ſmall copſe about four miles from the Park, having been previouſly left there on the morning. The hounds were then thrown in, and the deer was unharboured immediately, and running in a ſtraight line, bid defiance to the whole field; ſome time elapſed before the horſemen could keep up with the hounds, but at laſt, the hounds met

with a check (occasioned by their hard running), and gave the party an opportunity of joining them. They by great chance regained the scent, and traced him into a farmer's yard, about thirty miles from the park; when, after standing at bay for a short time, he burst, and out he ran into a pond a few yards distant, were the hounds got into him, and broke him up, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the horsemen to preserve him.

Clewer, *Dec.* 3, 1797.

THE ART OF ANGLING.

OF FISHES, WITH THE BEST METHODS OF BREEDING AND FEEDING, &c.

IN natural history, Fishes are animals that live in the water, as their proper place of abode. Naturalists observe a world of wisdom and design, in the structure of fishes, and their conformation to the element they reside in.

Their bodies are cloathed and guarded in the best manner, with scales or shells, suitable to their respective circumstances, the dangers they are exposed to, and the motion and business they are to perform.

The center of gravity is placed in the fittest part of the body for swimming, and their shape most commodious for making way through the water, and most agreeable to geometrical rules.

They have several parts peculiar to themselves; as fins, to balance and keep them upright; an air bladder, or swim, to enable them to rise or sink to any height or depth of water, at pleasure; gills, or *branchiæ* whereby they respire, as land animals do by lungs; the tail an instrument of progressive motion which serves to row them forward; eyes peculiarly formed to enable them to correspond to all the convergencies and divergencies of rays, which the variations of the watery medium, and the refractions thereof may occasion, in which respect they bear a near resemblance to birds.

Fishes are distinguished into sea, or salt water fish, *pisces marini*; as the whale, herring, mackarel, &c. river or fresh water fish, *pisces fluviales*: as the pike, trout, &c. and pond or lake fish: as the carp, tench, &c. to which may be added, others which abide indifferently in fresh water, or salt; as salmon, shad-fish, &c.

The English fishes that we have in our ponds, rivers, &c. are as follow: 1. *Cyprinus*, the Carp. 2. *Tinca*, the Tench. 3. *Cyprinus latus*, the Bream, or *Bruma*. 4. *Orfus germanorum*, the Rudd, Oerve, or Nerfling. 5. *Capito*, *seu Cephalus*, the Chubb, or Chevin. 6. *Barbus*, the Barbel. 7. *Leucissus*, the Dace, or *Dare*. 8. *Rutilus*, *seu Rubellio*, the Roach. 9. *Alburnus*, the Bleak, or Eley. 10. *Gobius fluviatilus*, the Gudgeon. 11. *Cobites fluviatilis*, *barbatula*, the Loche, or Loach. 12. *Varius*, *seu phoxinus lævis*, the Pink, or Minnow.

These twelve are called *Malacostom.*, or leather-mouthed fishes; because they have no teeth in their jaws, but only deep down in their mouths. To proceed. 13. *Passer fluviatilis*, *sive amphibius*, the Flounder. 14. *Anguilla*, the Eel. 15. *Cobio fluviatilis*, the Bull-head, or Miller's Thumb. 16. *Thymallus*, the Gragling, Grayling, or Umber. 17. *Salmo*, the Salmon. 18. *Trutta fluviatilis duum generum*, the Trout. 19. *Albula Salmoni similis*, the Guinniad. 20. *Trutta Salmonata*, the Salmon Trout. 21. *Trutta Lacustris*, the Scurf, or Bull Trout. 22. *Umbla minor*

Gesn.

Gesn. the Red Charr, or Welch Torgoch. 23. *Carpio lacus Benaci*, the Guilt, or Gilt Charr. 24. *Lucius*, the Pike, or Pickerel. 25. *Perca fluviatilis minor, seu aurata*, the Ruff. 26. *Piscis aculeatus vulgaris, seu pungitius Alberti*, the Common Prickle Back, Sharpling, or Banstickle. 27. *Piscis aculeatus minor*, the Lesser Prickle Back. 28. *Perca fluviatilis*, the Perch.

Fishes considered as a food, make a considerable addition to the furniture of the table; and the breeding, feeding, &c. thereof, is a peculiar art, and very necessary for the sake of economy, that every country gentleman should know something of the method. To this relate the ponds, stews, &c. which shall be described in their proper places.

It may not be here unacceptable to give the reader some general rules on the subject.

Rule 1. *For breeding Fishes.* The quality of the pond, water, &c. proper to this end is scarce determinable by any certain symptom, or rule: for some very promising ponds do not prove serviceable that way. One of the best indications of a breeding pond, is when there is good store of rushes and grazing about it, with gravelly shoals; such as horse ponds usually have: so that when a water takes thus to breeding, with a few Milters and Spawners, two or three of each, a whole country may be stocked in a short time. Eels and Perches are of a very good use to keep down the stock of fish; for they prey much upon the spawn and fry of bred fish, and will probably destroy the superfluity of them. As for pikes, tenches, roaches, perches, &c. they are observed to breed almost in any waters, and very numerously; but eels never breed in standing waters that are without springs; and in such are neither found, nor increase by putting in; yet where springs are, they are never wanting, though not put in. And what is most strange of all, no person ever saw in an eel the least token of propagation, either by milt, or spawn; so that whether they breed at all, and how they are produced, are propositions equally mysterious, and never yet clearly resolved.

Rule 2. *For feeding Fishes.* Observe the following remarks.

1. In a *stew*, thirty or forty carps may be kept from October to March, without feeding; and by fishing with *trammels*, or *flews* in March or April, you may take from your great waters, to recruit your stews: but you must not fail to feed all the summer, from March to October again, as constantly as cropped chickens are fed; and it will prove very profitable.

2. The constancy and regularity of serving the fish, conduces very much to their eating well and thriving.

3. Any sort of grain boiled is good to feed with, especially pease and malt coarse ground: the grains, after brewing, while sweet and fresh, are very proper; but one bushel of malt not brewed, will go as far as two of grains: chippings of bread, and orts of a table steeped in tap-droppings of strong beer, or ale, are excellent food for carp. Of these, the quantity of two quarts to thirty carps is sufficient; and so fed morning and evening, is better than once a day only.

There is a sort of food for fishes, that may be called accidental, and is no less improving than the best that can be provided; and this is when the pools happen to receive the waste of commons, where sheep have pasture, the water is enriched by the soil, and will feed a much

greater

greater number of carps, than it otherwise would do; and further, the dung that falls from cattle standing in the water in hot weather, is also a very great nourishment to fish.

The best food to raise Pikes to an extraordinary size or fatness, is eels: and without them is not to be done, but in a long time. Setting these aside, small perches are the best meat. Breams put into a pike pond, breed exceedingly, and are fit to maintain pikes; which will take care they do not increase over much. The numerous fry of Roaches and other small fish, which come from the greater pools into the Pike quarters, will likewise be good diet for them. Pikes in all streams, and carps in all hungry springing waters being fed at certain times, will come up, and take their meat almost from your hand.

The best feeding place is towards the mouth of the pond, at the depth of about half a yard; for by that means the deep will be kept clean and neat; the meat thrown into the water, without other trouble, will be picked up by the fishes, and nothing be lost: yet there are several devices for giving them food, especially pease: as a square board let down with the pease upon it.

Where fishes are fed in larger pools or ponds, when their numbers are great, malt boiled, or fresh grains, is the best food. Thus carp may be fed and raised like capons, and tenches will feed as well, but perches are not for a stew in feeding time.

As to the benefits that redound from keeping fish, besides furnishing the table, and raising money, your land will be improved, so as to be really worth, and yield more this way, than by any other employ whatsoever. For suppose a meadow of two pounds per acre; four acres in pond, will return every year a thousand fed carps, from the least size to fourteen or fifteen inches long: besides Pikes, Perches, Tenches, and other fry; the Carps are saleable, and will bring sixpence, nine-pence, and perhaps one shilling each, amounting in all to twenty-five pounds, which is six pounds five shillings per acre.

There are many circumstances that conduce much to the feeding of Pikes, Perches, Chubs, Carps, Roaches, Daces, and Breams, particularly conveniency of harbour, for those fish that lie amongst weeds and boggy places, are the fattest, though not the sweetest; in these kind of places they are secured from the assaults of their numerous enemies, and enjoy a more safe and contented repose; rest and quietness being as natural and helpful to their feeding as to other creatures. Some waters are more nourishing than others; a thick kind, if it is not foul or muddy, is of a better consistency, and the parts better disposed and qualified for nutrition than those of a more thin and rarified substance; no element that is pure, and without mixture, is well adapted for nourishment, neither can fishes live by pure water, respiration or sucking in those slender particles of their beloved element alone, without the concurrence and assistance of some grosser and terrene qualities, which are intermingled with those liquid bodies.

Having mentioned that fishes are exposed to numerous enemies, that circumstance cannot be better illustrated than by giving Mr. Pope's poetical enumeration of them, and which see in our Poetry for the present month.

(To be continued.)

LAW

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

FRIDAY, NOV. 24, 1797.

KELLY *v.* WILLIAMSON.

THIS was an action for criminal conversation between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife. The plaintiff kept an old clothes shop in the Middle-row, Holborn; but has, it was said, lately failed in business, and is not there at present. The defendant is a young man, of 23 years of age, and one of the family of a reputable silversmith, who is retired from business.

The evidence left but little doubt as to the act of adultery, but it appeared that the plaintiff had been extremely careless of his wife's virtue, he having very frequently permitted several others to kiss her, and use many indecent liberties with her, so that the damages were reduced to nothing.

Mr. Mingay said, among many other things, that his learned friend, Mr. Erskine, by the exertion of his superior talents, had attained large verdicts upon these cases, and had raised the marketable price of this article. This case was an attempt in the shape of a Farce to revive the Comedy of the "New Way to pay Old Debts," &c.

After a short charge from Lord Kenyon, the Jury withdrew, and in about half an hour returned with a verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages 40s.

Probably they gave 40s. in order that the verdict might carry costs with it, for which, however, there was no necessity, as in this action one shilling would have done the same thing.

The same day a verdict for the amount of several penalties went against a Mr. Edward Chesterton, poulterer, for having game in his possession. A porter to Richardson's Hotel, Covent-Garden, was the witness, who proved the facts, he having been sent several times to the defendant's shop for game for the use of his master's guests, and in particular on the 3d and 8th days of October last, when he bought several hares of the defendant. The case being clear, no defence was made.

AGRICULTURE.

MONTHLY REPORT FOR NOVEMBER.

FROM the whole of our reports of the state of Agriculture in different Counties, it appears, that the weather for some weeks past has been more favourable for sowing Wheat on those soils, the tenacity and wetness of which had before rendered it impracticable.

In Scotland, and some parts of the North of England, however, the quantity of land yet sown is far from what was intended by the farmers.

With regard to the last year's Wheat Crop, our accounts from these districts still announce a considerable deficiency, both in respect to quantity and quality. On thrashing it out, much has been found grown and unsound. Of the Oat and Barley crops they speak more favourably. The prices of grain seem, on the whole, to decline. Wheats, at Mark-lane, on the average, 50s. 5d. per quarter. The average of England and Wales, of Wheat, 56s. 5d. and of Barley, 32s. 4d.

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In ſome northern ſituations, the Potatoe Crop has received injury from the froſt; this has, however, chiefly happened where they had not been taken up at a ſufficiently early period.

The Turnip-crop is frequently precarious, but this year there have probably been fewer failures than uſual.

CATTLE.

In the midland diſtricts, the price of all ſorts of Cattle appears to have fallen in a conſiderable degree. Our reporter ſays, from 20 to 25 per cent. In the county of Cumberland we alſo find that lean Cattle and Cows have ſomewhat declined in value. But at Allhallow fair, at Edinburgh, the demand for Black Cattle was ſo great, that a conſiderable riſe of price was experienced. This, however, probably aroſe from the very ſmall number of this kind of cattle that were expoſed to ſale.

SHEEP.

In the prices of Sheep we do not find there has been any very material alteration. In Leiceſterſhire the ſale of Wool has lately been rather heavy, probably on account of the want of ſpeculation in the articles.

HOGS.

Theſe are ſomewhat cheaper.

In Smithfield, Beef averaged on the 27th from 2s. 6d. to 4s. Mutton from 3s. to 3s. 8d. per ſtone of 8lb. ſinking the offal.

HORSES.

Thoſe of the working kind continue low; but for good horſes there is ſtill a great demand. In Devonſhire, the price of Horſes is on the decline, and the ſale dull. At Bampton fair, Exmore Foals ſold as low as 3s. 6d. and 5s. and full grown ones, three years old, two pounds and two guineas.

HOPS.

Kentiſh Hops, bags fetch from 70s. to 105s. pockets from 84s. to 120s. The markets are briſk.

HAY.

The average price of Hay in St. James's market is 3l. of Straw 24s. 9d.

SECOND MONTHLY REPORT FOR NOVEMBER.

The latter wheat-ſowing, from the continued rains, has proved unfavourable on the heavy ſoils, and particularly in the Northern diſtrict: the early plants carry a good countenance. The corn markets through the kingdom, have experienced a conſiderable depreſſion, from the vaſt imports of foreign wheats, while the average price, under the laſt Corn Act, warranted an exportation: this meaſure bears hard upon the landed intereſt, and can only be defended by the preſſing exigency of the times.—The wheat crop turns out more defective in quantity, as well as quality, than was expected.—Barley, peaſe, and beans, riſe well; but oats are in general light, and ill-coloured.—The clovers are univerſally a promiſing plant.—Turnips, ſcarcely half a crop in any part, are advanced in price, from the great demand for them for the unſold freſh beaſts, which remain on the drovers hands.—The open, growing weather, keeps the hay markets under moderate prices.—The hop trade is more briſk, from the fall in the prices of barley.—The Wool trade remains at the low nominal prices ſtated in our laſt; little or nothing has been done in it ſince.

Though Smithfield has been abundantly ſupplied through the month, it was principally with inferior

ferior kinds of meat: good beef and mutton have been ſcarce.—The victualling contract being no longer with Mr. Melliſh, and the principal ſupplies for the navy now coming through Ireland, may account for the cheapneſs of half-fed beef.—The rot ſtill continuing through the flocks in moſt of the Shires, gives the mutton market a great ſupply.—Lean ſtock is reduced in price; and ſtill falling: the Northern counties are full of unſold cattle, and of good age.—Store ſheep from unhealthy diſtricts ſell cheap; but well bred wethers and lambs, from ſound walks, ſtill command high prices.

At the Shew of Bulls on Monday November 20, at Petworth, for Lord Egremont's Silver Cup, the following were given in as competitors for the Prize, viz.

Mr. W. Elliot's, of Petworth, Suſſex-bred.
Mr. T. Elliot's, of Rudgwick, ditto
W. S. Poyntz, Eſq. Cowdry-Houſe, ditto.
Mr. John Salter's, of Stopham, ditto.
Mr. E. Upperton's, of Weſtburton, ditto,
Mr. R. Herington's, of Kirdford, ditto.
Mr. W. Faulconer's, of Plumpton, ditto.
Mr. W. Parſons's, of Somerſetſhire, North Devon, bred.

After much attentive examination of all the various points, which conſtitute as well the working as the grazing merit in ſtock, it was determined by the judges, that in conſideration of the reference made to them, to regard the object of getting working, as well as grazing ſtock, they were of opinion, that Mr. Herington's Bull was entitled to the prize.

John Sinclair, Preſident of the Board of Agriculture, Chairman.
Arthur Young, Secretary.
William Marſhall.
Thomas Froſt.
John Smith.

The candidates of the ſweepſtakes (beſt Heifer) were,

The Earl of Egremont.
Mr. Clayton, Kirdford.
Mr. Cappard, Woodmancote.
Mr. Tripp, Petworth.
Mr. T. Carr, Beddingham.
Mr. G. Haines, Kirdford.
Mr. Merchant, of Perching, to whom the ſweepſtakes were adjudged.

Lord Egremont's Hereford Heifer was much admired.

A numerous company of nobility, gentry, and farmers, were aſſembled in the evening at dinner at Lord Egremont's, among them were,

Lord Romney,
Lord Winterton,
Lord Sheffield,
Sir John Sinclair,
Sir Watkin William Wynne,
Sir Godfrey Webſter,
Mr. Goring,
Mr. Tredcroft,
Mr. Kingſman,
Mr. Arthur Young,
Rev. Mr. Maſham,
Rev. Mr. Young,
Rev. Mr. Tredcroft,
Rev. Mr. Feryman,
Mr. Smith of Diſhley,
Mr. Froſt, the King's Bailiff,
Captain Drew,
Mr. Poyntz,
Mr. Marſhall, the well-known writer,
Mr. Parſons,
Mr. Smith,
Mr. Phillips,
Mr. Blake,
Mr. Ellman,
Mr. Wall,
Mr. Woods,
Mr. Tripp,
Mr. King,
Mr. Fuller,
Mr. Ernſt,
Mr. Eales,
Mr. Bartine,
Mr. Napper,
Mr. Ayling,
Mr. Turner,
Mr. Milward, &c.

On his Lordſhip's preſenting the Cup to Mr. Herrington after dinner, he addreſſed him in the following neat and expreſſive manner:

"Mr. Herington, I drink your health, and am very glad that the cup has fallen into the hands of ſo good a farmer, and ſo good a man; and I hope, that the events of this day, will convince the farmers in general, that high feeding their ſtock can neither enhance their merit, or conceal their defects, when ſubmitted to the judgment of ſuch able and intelligent farmers, as have been kind enough to give us their aſſiſtance on this day, and for which I, as one, am very much obliged to them."

The following day being fixed for the grand trial of ſkill in plowing, Suffolk againſt all England, ſix ox teams ſtarted for the prizes, but

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the merit of Mr. Arthur Young's swing plow was so clearly foreseen from the first, that some who had given in their names, withdrew them upon seeing it at work in the Stag Park farm. It defied all competition, which it left at a distance. With two oxen, in harness, and without a driver, Thomas Bailey plowed his acre, from five to seven inches in depth, and from one to three inches deeper than the rest, in five hours and fifty-six minutes, to the astonishment and admiration of the spectators. Three of the other teams finished a few minutes before, and the rest after him. All the teams, but Mr. Young's, went with four and a driver. The concourse of people to see his masterly plowing was so great, as to form a line for several rods on each side of the oxen as they turned the head land. The following is a copy of the verdict of the judges:

"The judges having considered the reference made to them by Lord Egremont, to determine the prizes for plowing with oxen, in Mr. Ford's field, at Petworth, on Tuesday the 21st of November, 1797, in determining which, they are to judge by whom an acre is plowed in the best manner, with the least assistance, and with the fewest oxen, gave it, as their unanimous opinion, that the two first premiums should be given to No. 3, Mr. Arthur Young's swing plow, improved on Mr. Arbuthnot's principles, drawn by two Sussex oxen, and his plowman. The second two premiums they are of opinion should be given to Mr. Salter, and his plowman. And the remaining two to Mr. Seward, and his plowman.

(Signed)

J. SINCLAIR, Chairman."

The weather proving fine on Tuesday contributed much to the gratification of the spectators on that day.

ANECDOTE OF AN HORSE-STEALER.

AT the second encampment, the English forces made in Bojepore, in the East Indies, one of the officers had a horse stole, but missing the road before he got clear of the tents, the thief was detected, and brought back. The gentleman, highly pleased at recovering his horse, and much surprized at the dexterity of the fellow who carried him off, amidst seven or eight sices (grooms) sleeping round him, was more inclined to admire his address and expertness, than to punish him.

Next morning, his resentment being subsided, yielded to his curiosity; he ordered the fellow, therefore, to be brought before him, and enquired by what contrivance he had effected his design. The fellow replied, he could not well tell his honour, but that if he pleased he would shew him. "Well then," says the officer, "since you are so bad at description, we will see how you did it." Being arrived at the pickets, the fellow crept softly under the horse's belly: "Now, Sir," says he, "pray take notice; this is the manner I crawled over the sices—the next thing was to loosen his ropes behind, which I did thus—I then clapped a halter—observe, Sir, if you please—over his neck thus." "Admirably clever, by Jove," cries the officer, laughing and rubbing his hands. "In this manner," continued the fellow, "I jumped upon his back, and when once I'am mounted, I give any body leave to catch me if they can." In saying which, he gave the horse a kick, and though almost surrounded by troops, &c. pushed him through the gaping crowd, put him to his full speed, and carried him clean off.

CHRO-

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF BOXING.

(*Continued from page* 75.)

ON May 11, 1773, a pitched battle was fought at the riding school, behind the Three Hats, Islington, between John Pearce, and John White, two shoemakers, for Ten Pounds a-side. At the beginning, the advantage seemed to be on the side of White, but Pearce recovering his wind, gave White several dreadful falls, and was on the point of winning, when the High Constable, and a numerous posse of attendants, mounting the stage, put an end to the contest, without wounding the *honour* of either of the combatants.

On November 9, a battle for Twenty Pounds was fought in the White Conduit Field, Islington, between the noted Jem Parrott, a coster-monger, and Joe Hood, a weaver. This battle was obstinately contested by both parties, for about thirty-five minutes, when a dispute arising between the seconds, about a foul blow, Parrott abruptly left the ground, and refusing to return, the battle was adjudged to be won by Hood, who displayed great skill and courage on the occasion. Parrott was seconded by Rossy Gregory, and Hood by Sam Peters.

In 1774, the long expected battle for One Hundred Guineas, between Peter Corcoran, and Samuel Peters, took place at Waltham Abbey, in Essex. The bets at setting-to were 3 to 2 in favour of Peters, who, though he maintained the superiority, gave in without any apparent cause at the expiration of fifteen minutes, to the disappointment of the knowing ones, who were deeply taken in.

On March 31, 1775, Hood fought and beat Dennis Kellyhorn, a famous Irish bruiser, at Chingford-hatch, Essex, for Fifty Pounds.

On July 3, 1776, a battle for Twenty Pounds was fought at Barnet, between the noted Death, and William Small, a Fleet-market butcher, which in a short time was decided in favour of the former. The following epigram on this battle was inserted in the diurnal prints of the time.

Ah! foolish wight, why strive to conquer Death!
When he, thou knowest, can stop thy vital breath;
That ruthless tyrant takes the lives of all,
And vanquishes the great as well as Small.

On August 20, a severe battle was fought at Barnet, between William Allen, a Clare-market butcher, (who had won many battles) and Peter Bath, a smith, (long the hero of Bristol) when, after a desperate conflict of forty minutes, Bath gained the victory.

On September 2, a second battle between John White and John Pearce, was fought at Plaistow, in Essex, which, contrary to expectation, was won by White.

On October 16, a match for One Hundred Guineas having been made between the noted Corcoran, and Henry Sellars, a famous West-country pugilist, they met at the Crown Inn, Staines, to decide the contest. Bets to the amount of Five or Six Hundred Pounds were depending on the event of this battle. At the first setting to, Corcoran gave his antagonist a very violent blow, which drove him to the farther end of the stage, and the odds increased from 3 to 5 to 1 in his favour. This occasioned Sellars to fight shy for about eighteen minutes, when having winded Corcoran, he advanced boldly, and beating him straight forward, in ten minutes more obtained a complete conquest over this hitherto invincible Irish champion.

On December 4, a battle was fought in Hyde Park, between Joe Hood, and one Macdonald, a sawyer, for Ten Pounds. The conflict was desperate, and in fifty minutes terminated by Hood, beating Macdonald so dreadfully, that his eyes were both closed, and his jaw broke.

On June 4, 1777, during the Ascot Heath races, a capital boxing match for Fifty Pounds a-side, between Hood and Sellars, at the New Inn, at Windsor. Though Hood shewed much judgment and bottom, he was at length obliged to yield to the superior skill and activity of Sellars.

On July 2, a second battle took place between the same parties, in the close at Colnbrook, when Hood was again defeated.

The next battle of any consequence, was fought in the summer of 1778, on Hounslow Heath, between Sellars, and Stevens the nailer, for Twenty-five Pounds, which was won easy by Sellars.

On July 23, Hood beat Higgins, a Birmingham buckle-maker, at Haggerstone. Higgins had won fifteen battles, and was never before beat.

On September 18, a battle for Fifty Pounds a-side, was fought at Maidenhead during the races there, between Joe Hood, and Peter Bath, which was determined in twenty minutes, in favour of Bath, as Hood being indifferent in health, found himself no ways able to cope with his adversary. Bets, when they set-to, were 2 to 1 in his favour; but after the second round, they took a contrary turn, as the superior strength of Bath was very apparent.

On September 4, 1779, Hood was beat in a pitched battle in Smithfield, by William Day, who was universally allowed to be the cleanest boxer of his time.

On September 25, 1780, a battle was fought at the Crown, at Slough, between Henry Sellars, and one Duggan, an Irish boatswain, for Fifty Pounds. After a contest of only one minute and an half, victory was declared in favour of the boatswain, to the great surprize and mortification of the amateurs, who had betted large sums on Sellars.

On August 2, 1781, a hard fought battle took place at Kilburn Wells, between George Ring, the bruising baker of Bath, and —— Edwards, a London butcher. They fought an hour and a quarter, when the baker won, though the odds before fighting, and during the greater part of the battle, was in favour of the son of the cleaver.

On October 11, 1783, the severest battle was fought at Hounslow, ever known since the Broughtonian stage was erected, between Allen, a carcase butcher in Clare-market, and one M'Gee, a carman, in the Strand, for Fifty Guineas a-side. The contest lasted two hours and ten minutes, and at last decided in favour of the former. Bets of 5 to 3 were laid on the latter.

On November 22, 1784, a famous boxing match for One Hundred Guineas was fought on a thirty foot stage, erected in a hollow, on Barnet race ground, between the noted and expert boxer, William Day, and William Towers, a bricklayer. Day was seconded by Will Gallant, and Towers by his brother, John Towers, who a short time before had beat Death, &c. At the beginning of the battle, the advantage was evidently on the side of Day, and bets of 10 to 1 were offered on his side, and so confident did he seem of success, that he exclaimed aloud, "Gentlemen, you shall see how gay I'll be, while beating this fellow;" and accordingly he danced

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and jumped about the ſtage between every round; but Towers availing himſelf of the others negligence, got him in a corner of the ſtage, and with one hand confined him there, while with the other hand he dealt him ſeveral deadly blows in the body, which rendered Day incapable of ſtanding up to his man during the remainder of the battle, and at the end of thirty-three minutes, he was obliged to give out. Day never recovered of the blows he received in this battle, and died ſhortly after.

On June 7, 1785, a battle was fought in the Aſs-field, near Holywell-mount, between Harry Sellars, and William Harvey, an Iriſhman. Sellars, though he exerted himſelf to the utmoſt, was completely conquered in leſs than twenty minutes, by the meer dint of ſtrength in Harvey.

(*To be continued.*)

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS the following may contribute to the amuſement of your Sporting readers, if you think it worth inſerting, you may.

Mr. Blau, a German, gamekeeper to his Grace the Duke of Gordon, on Wedneſday, the 15th of November, ſhot the following remarkable Woodcock: – Its quill feathers, which are twelve in number in each wing, are perfectly white; their coverts, both greater and leſſer, upon the upper ſide of the wing, are of the ſame colour; on the lower ſide of the wing, the coverts are likewiſe white, except the three outermoſt feathers, which, together with all thoſe upon the reſt of its body, are of the uſual plumage of the Woodcock. The bill, legs, &c. are the ſame as in the common Woodcock. I ſhall ſoon ſend you ſome accounts of the performances of a famous brown buck, belonging to the Marquis of Huntley; and if we have any remarkable runs with the ſubſcription fox hounds, kept at Turreff, in this county, I ſhall likewiſe communicate them.

I am, gentlemen,
Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Philorth Houſe, Aberdeenſhire,
Nov. 26, 1797.

At all times when we give Extracts from New Plays, it muſt be underſtood, that ſuch would be ſcarcely intelligible, if the Reader did not refer to the account of the firſt repreſentation of the piece. For that account, therefore, pleaſe to refer to our laſt Magazine, page 90.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW COMEDY OF FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

FIRST EXTRACT FROM THE FIRST ACT.

Simon Single, Jenny Scud, *wife to* Scud, *the Apothecary.*

Jenny. WELCOME, welcome, my good friend!

Simon. Glad to ſee you, pretty Mrs. Jane.

Jenny. So you are taking your rounds this fair morning, Mr. Simon.

Simon. Better take them than Jerry's doſes.

Jenny. I agree with you.

Simon. So wou'd not they perhaps.

Jenny. And how are all cronies at the caſtle? How does the venerable

rable virgin, Mrs. Buckram, pretty Rachel Williams, and the rest of the fair nuns?

Simon. Name 'em not; you have not left your fellow. What is Rachel Williams? a baby.

Jenny. Well, but Mrs. Buckram —she is no baby.

Simon. No, o' my word; she is of the race of the Anakims.

Jenny. No matter for that, friend Simon; you'll marry Buckram.

Simon. No, no, that buckram shall never stick in my skirts. Harapha of Gath wou'dn't marry her. I am no knight-errant to encounter giants.

Jenny. I shou'd think so; for if you were a true knight, you wou'd not sleep before you had set free your lovely prisoner, Emily Fitzallen.

Simon. There's one a coming will do that. Fair Emily will be a wife before you'll be a widow. Young Montrath is the man for her; he's expected every day with his uncle Sir Oliver. It is all agreed upon, and my lady's whole fortune will be settled on Miss Emily. There's a start for you— there's a sally from dependance to prosperity; from wanting every thing to possessing all.

Jenny. And nothing left to Harry Algernon?

Simon. Yes, patience if he possesses it, and an ill-name whether he merits it or not.

Jenny. Well, I can't see the justice of all this.

Simon. Who can, where lawyer Earling is concerned? That puppy of an attorney lords it over the whole castle; and now we are in the bustle of setting out Miss Emily in a stile before Sir Oliver arrives. There are fine dresses to be made, fine apartments to be furnished, and fresh servants to be hired for the heiress.

Jenny. Say you so? fresh servants? Are you full? If not, I can recommend you such a lacquey— the very man of men—Jerry shall bring him to you.

Simon. Bring him yourself: lead him over in a white bridle, and let me judge of his points and his paces.

Jenny. You shall—my life for your's, Miss Emily will be charm'd with him.

Simon. Adieu! time flies when I am with you. Once more, adieu! I shall expect you. I hope you are happy with your little doctor: but I must think you were much too fine a flower to be plucked by an apothecary, and stuck into a gallipot. [*Exit.*

SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE FIRST ACT.

SCENE *changes to an apartment in* LADY CYPRESS'S *Castle.*

Lady Cypress, Lawyer Earling.

Lady Cyp. Enter, enter, Mr. Earling: you come upon a wish.

Earl. Ever prompt to approve myself your ladyship's most devoted and most absolute humble servant, upon a wish I come, upon a word I vanish.

Lady Cyp. I am satisfied with your diligence; you may spare yourself the trouble of describing it.

Earl. I am dumb.

Lady Cyp. Have you the memorandums about you, that I dictated?

Earl. If my tears have not defac'd them. Believe me, gracious lady, when I saw my own name set down to a bequest so munificent, I was cover'd with blushes, I was choak'd with gratitude.

Lady Cyp. Out with it then, out with your name, if such is the effect, and write in Algernon's; I war-

I warrant gratitude will not choak him.

Earl. Good, very good! Your ladyship has the gift of rallying me in the most pleasant way out of my metaphors. Choak is a figure somewhat of the strongest.

Lady Cyp. Why yes, and I shou'd think you may venture upon the legacy, and risque the effects of it: so copy out your papers when you please.

Earl. I'll set my clerks upon it out of hand.

Lady Cyp. You'll set the world upon it when I'm out of it, for you have totally cashier'd Harry Algernon, and he is the son of my sister.

Earl. And your sister was the wife of his father, and his father was your unremitting persecutor, who vex'd you with a suit in Chancery for ten long years, and ten might have been added to ten, had it not been that I—I speak modestly of myself; I am no egotist —I speak simply of number one, and nobody else, for your barrister was a cypher—

Lady Cyp. But a cypher put to number one adds no trifle to its value: so the upshot is, you gain'd the suit, and I paid the costs—a victory little to be envied—and, after all, is it just and equitable the son should suffer for the father's faults?

Earl. O *jus et æquum!* as if he had not faults enough of his own to warrant your exclusion of him.

Lady Cyp. I have heard enough of his faults I confess, if you are correct in describing them. If you have deceiv'd me—

Earl. I! I deceive you! I defame your nephew! I who have never spoke of his offences but with regret and sorrow; never brought a story to your ears, but with the view of intercepting malice and softening down impressions; I deceive you! then where is truth and virtue?

Lady Cyp. Both in sight, as I shou'd hope—for Emily appears.

Emily Fitzallan enters.

Earl. I humbly take my leave.—Miss Emily, I'm yours—Humph! not a word! Your faithful friend to serve you. Not a look? Upstart! I'll marry the old lady, and cut her out of every shilling—I will. [*Exit* Earling.

Lady Cyp. Approach my dear! Come near me. I must talk with you. Well! You have been to see the apartment I have newly furnished—and do you like it, Emily?

Emily. 'Tis elegant in the extreme—'tis sumptuous.

Lady Cyp. 'Tis your's, my dear; it is to grace my Emily that I have deck'd it out.

Emily. For me such finery.

Lady Cyp. Child of my heart, for you. All I possess is your's.

Emily. I hope you will not tempt me to forget that I was poor and humble.

Lady Cyp. I hope not: nature has endow'd you with admirable qualities; prosperity, I trust, will not pervert them. It does not quite come on you by surprize: you cou'd not well suppose I shou'd adopt the son of my most unrelenting persecutor.

Emily. I did not dare to reason in that case.

Lady Cyp. But you must know how worthless in himself, how undeserving of my favour is he, who, in respect of consanguinity, is the only person that cou'd supersede you.

Emily. You speak of Mr. Algernon.

Lady Cyp. I do; I speak of him, whom no one speaks of but with reproach and scorn.

Emily. I do confess I've heard much evil speaking, but 'twas from one

one who ſhou'd have more reſpect for truth and decency than to traduce the nephew to the aunt.

Lady Cyp. What do you mean? Wou'd you defend a libertine?

Emily. No, madam, I defend no libertine; but you will not be angry if I avow that I deteſt a libeller. If he, who thus has poiſon'd your opinion, knows not the character, the manners, habits, ſentiments, connections, perhaps not even the outward form and feature of the man, whoſe fame he mangles, can I be to blame if I implore you, for the love of juſtice, to hear before you ſtrike?

Lady Cyp. What is this, Emily? What is this warmth?

Emily. Honeſt, not prudent; out of time and place, but ſtill ſincere, tho' raſh.

Lady Cyp. You call on me to hear before I ſtrike; I now demand if you that ſtrike have heard? Do you know Algernon? Have you convers'd with him?

Emily. Madam, I have.

Lady Cyp. You have! when, where; he comes not hither; never was admitted, never will be, within theſe doors. Aſtoniſhing that you ſhou'd dare to tell me you have made acquaintance with this profligate.

Emily. Hear my defence.—You gave me leave to paſs a little time, for change of air after my late confinement, at your Hill-farm. One evening I had rambled about a mile from home, when upon entering a little copſe, thro' which my foot-path led, judge of my horror, when a villain, ſuch I muſt call him, ſurpriz'd me, ſeiz'd me, and in ſpite of cries, prayers, and entreaties—

Lady Cyp. Merciful providence! what do you tell me?

Emily. A dreadful tale I ſhou'd have had to tell, or died ere I cou'd tell it, had not heaven ſent me a reſcue, a brave brave preſerver, who with a ſoul all fire, and motion quick as lightning, ſprung on the aſſailant, graſp'd him in his arms, and after a contention, furious tho' ſhort, hurl'd him to the ground, breathleſs, and maim'd with bruiſes.—Which of theſe merits the name of *profligate?* Not he that ſav'd me—It was Algernon.

Lady Cyp. Algernon do you ſay? My worthleſs nephew Algernon! Take care!

Emily. Renounce me if I tell you an untruth.

Lady Cyp. I'm all aſtoniſhment. Who was the aſſailant?

Emily. Madam, I know not. Your heroic nephew bore me half dead and fainting to my houſe; 'twas not till then I knew him to be Algernon. He ſtaid with me no longer than till the care of the good people had recovered me: the next morning I return'd to the caſtle, fearing to remain any longer in ſo ſolitary a place. Of Algernon, I ſaw no more. Now ſuffer me to aſk is this the conduct of a profligate?

Lady Cyp. 'Tis a ſtrange ſtory.

Emily. 'Tis a true one, madam.

Lady Cyp. Why have you kept it to yourſelf thus long? You've been return'd two days.

Emily. Becauſe until this hour I have not ſeen your ſpirits in a ſtate to bear the ſlighteſt agitation.

Lady Cyp. And do you think the agitation ſlight that I now ſuffer? No, I ſee your danger, Emily; I ſee your weak credulity, and much I fear you'll find yourſelf the dupe of Algernon. What buſineſs cou'd he have at my Hill-farm?

Emily. Madam, your tenant's wife nurs'd Mr. Algernon.

Lady Cyp. She never ſhou'd have nurs'd you, Emily, or harbour'd you one moment, had I known it.

Emily. That's hard; but I muſt ſuffer and be ſilent.

Lady Cyp. Be ſilent then, and go

go to your chamber; there you may meditate on what you have been, and call to mind, with timely recollection, what you may be again.

ACT II.

Castle Hall.—Simon Single, Farmer Gawdry, and his Son Isaac.

Simon. Master Gawdry, Master Gawdry, have I not said the word, and will not the word that I have said serve and suffice to put thee out of doubt, that Isaac thy son, thy son Isaac, will not do?

Gawd. I pray you now, Master Simon Single, be kind-hearted, and consider of it. I shou'd be main proud to have him in my lady's livery; he's a docile lad, and can turn his hand, as I may say, to any thing.

Simon. Let him turn it to the plough; he's a bumpkin: let him drive the team and dung the land; he's born to it: let him ring the hogs, and tend the stye, and toil in the drudgery of his vocation. Nature never fashion'd him to be the lacquey of a lady—You are answer'd, farmer Gawdry.

Gawd. Aye, Master, I am answer'd, but I am not heard. I hann'a told you half the things my boy can do.

Simon. What can he do? Unfold!

Gawd. A power—Speak for yourself, Isaac; tell the gentleman what you can do.

Isaac. A'looks so grave, a'daunts me.

Gawd. What shou'd daunt thee, boy? Don't hang thy head, but up, and tell him boldly what can'st do.

Isaac. I wull, father, I wull.—I can sing psalms, shoot flying, worm the puppies, cut capons, climb the rookeries, and make gins for pole-cats.

Simon. Wonderful! and can't you eat and drink, and sleep and snore abundantly? Can't you wench when you have an opportunity, swear now and then upon occasion, and lie a little when it serves your purpose?

Isaac. Yes, yes, I know something of all these matters.

Gawd. I told you he was fit to wait upon any lady in the land.

Simon. Upon any lady but the lady Cypress he is welcome; upon her may wait long enough before he gets any other answer than I've given you. *Dictum est.*—Good morning to you.

Gawd. Good morning to me indeed! How long, I trow, have you been this great man, to carry yourself in your geers so stately? I can call to mind the day when you came into this family as mere a bumpkin as you think my boy to be.

Simon. Keep your temper, neighbour Gawdry, keep your temper; mount your steed, amble homewards, visit your *oves* and your *boves*, comfort your good dame, and present my humble service to her.

Gawd. I won't comfort her; I won't present your humble service to her; I don't find you are so willing to do her any service, and as for humble, it don't belong to you—but mark my words—time is at hand—county election's coming on—ask me for a plumper then, do; ask me, I say, for a plumper—and mind where I'll direct you to look for it. Come along, Isaac, come along!

[*Exeunt* Gawdry *and* Isaac.

Simon. We men in power, when we have a place to give away, make nine enemies, to one friend, and 'tis nine to one if that friend don't turn an enemy before he is well warm in his office.—Ah, Doctor, is it you?

Scud *and* Simon Single.

Scud. Your servant, your servant! I have brought you the young man Jenny recommended.

Simon. Have you so, have you so? Where did you fall in with him?

Scud. Cross'd upon him by mere chance—clever fellow—wants a place—think he'll suit Miss Emily—no objection, dare say, on his part—won't haggle for wages—will you see him?

Simon. Hold a moment.—Has he got a character?

Scud. Two—a good one and a bad one; but the good one is what he wou'd prefer being known by.

Simon. I give him credit for that. What name does he bear?

Scud. Henry, alias Harry—you may take your choice.

Simon. He has two of them, it seems; very good! What besides?

Scud. Scudamore.

Simon. A branch of the Scuds we'll suppose; but we'll see him.—Where does he come from?

Scud. T'other side of the country—better let him answer questions for himself—come in, young man; present yourself to Mr. Simon Single, the respectable major domo of this illustrious family.

Algernon *enters.*

Simon. So, so! what's here? This is no drudge for all work and all weathers; this is a thing for Sundays and for holidays! as clean a peg to hang a livery on as heart cou'd wish.—Well, Henry Scudamore, you're for a place, and, I conclude, one where there's least to do will please you most; you are not us'd to labour.

Algernon. I am not.

Simon. Nor ever mean to be, I dare believe.

Scud. Oh fie! you'll put him down; he's modest to a fault.

Simon. If that's his only fault, we'll overlook it. What can you do?

Alg. My best to please my mistress, and something, I should hope, to gain your favour.

Simon. Egad, you've found the way to that already; I like your answer much; I like your manners, countenance, deportment; and I am no mean judge, altho' I say it.

Alg. Sir, you have all the right in life to say it; for if none else will give us a good word, we must e'en praise ourselves.

Simon. A sharp wit, let me tell you.—Harkee, Henry, your name I know; the place from whence you come I do not know; your qualifications remain to be prov'd, and your character I dare say, if it is of your own giving, will be an excellent good one.

Alg. With your leave I shou'd prefer to speak upon all these points with the lady I aspire to serve.

Simon. *Aspire to serve!* Sir, your most obedient humble servant.—I shall *aspire* to ask you no further questions, but turn you over for examination to the lady of the house herself.

Alg. Is this the lady of the house now approaching?

Mrs. Dorothy Buckram *enters.*

Simon. Of the lower house she is the lady. Make your best bow to Mrs. Dorothy Buckram, but don't be too aspiring; if you offer to salute her you are a lost man; that blessing don't fall to my lot above once in a twelvemonth, and some would not aspire even to that.

Dor. What is this ribaldry that you are talking? and who is this young man?

Simon. A youth of promise; a candidate for service; one that aspires to the supreme delight of carrying clogs and combing lapdogs for the lady heiress.

Dor.

Dor. What is his name?

Simon. Henry.

Dor. A gentle name, foothing and foft, I much approve of Henry: I've ever had a prejudice for Henry.

Simon. Simon is fweeter.

Scud. Jerry is more brifk.

Simon. Sweet Simon—fimple Simon—why 'tis mufic—it is a lute.

Scud. But Jerry founded in F fharp's a trumpet.

Dor. Yes, truly, in the ears of a hen-peck'd hufband when his partlet cackles.—But can't this youngfter fpeak? Henry fhou'd fpeak like Henry; let us hear you. Were I the miftrefs you afpir'd to ferve, what wou'd you fay to me?

Alg. Silence becomes a fervant; 'tis a virtue; but if I were your equal and your lover—

Dor. Ah, then what wou'd you fay?

Alg. Then if you ftood all tempting as you are, full in my fight, and cheer'd your happy fwain with fmiles fo lovely, languifh fo alluring—

Dor. What wou'd you do?

Alg. I'd fnatch you to my heart, prefs you, carefs you, fmother you with fondnefs.—[*Runs up, and rapturoufly embraces her.*

Dor. And fo you will; let go, or I'll fcream out.

Simon. Bravo; you'll do—A very good rehearfal.

Scud. A very villainous one, if my Jenny has had a part in it.

Simon. I give you joy, young man; your fortune's made.

Dor. I wonder who has taught him this affurance.

Scud. Oh madam, he's a pupil of my Jenny's; I've nothing to do with him.

Simon. Come, come, there's no offence; t'was a fair challenge, and no true Englifhman wou'd have refus'd it.—Courage, my lad! you'll never want a fervice. Let us adjourn. [*Exeunt.*

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Was much pleafed in reading the additional account of the celebrated Eclipfe, by your correfpondent J. J. B. in the laft month's Magazine. It fhould feem that Eclipfe had a prefentiment of his approaching diffolution from the following epiftle, written a fhort time before his death.

FROM ECLIPSE AT CANNONS, TO HIS SON KING FERGUS IN YORKSHIRE.

"DEAR SON,

"I fet out laft week from Epfom, and am fafe arrived in my new ftable at this place. My fituation may ferve as a leffon to man; I was once the fleeteft horfe in the world, but old age hath come upon me, and wonder not, King Fergus, when I tell thee, I was drawn in a carriage from Epfom to Cannons, being unable to walk even fo fhort a journey. Every horfe as well as every dog, has his day; and I have had mine. I have outlived two worthy mafters, the late Duke of Cumberland, who bred me, and the Colonel with whom I fpent my beft days; but I muft not repine, I am now careffed, not fo much for what I can do, but for what I have done, and with the fatisfaction of knowing, that my prefent mafter will never abandon me to the fate of the *high-mettled racer*.

"I am glad to hear my grandfon, Honeft Tom, perform fo well in Ireland, and truft, that he and the reft of my progeny, will do honour to the name of their grandfire,

Cannons, Middlefex, ECLIPSE."
Dec. 12, 1788.

P. S. Myfelf, Dungannon, Volunteer, and Vertumnus, are all here.—Compliments to the Yorkfhire horfes.

The Chace, a Poem. By William Somerville, Esq.

(Continued from page 78.

BOOK IV.

Whate'er of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made.
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous brutes
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Incumb'ring all the globe: should not his care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots, and acorns, feed,
And thro' the deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,
And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman, therefore, will supply
With annual large recruits, his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent-tree,
Far shall his pack be fam'd, far sought his breed,
And princes at their tables feast those hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen bosom to the western gale;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolv'd,
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest;
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their pyebald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flash fires impure; nor rest, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In sep'rate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter. On Scamander's streams
Heroes of old with far less fury fought,
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds shall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death.
And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills, by timely prudent care
Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame select
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars interwoven.
Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits: the vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, their ev'ry muse he tries;
If haply then he cross the steaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious; and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
Th' insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hop'd, but a base brood

Of

Of coward curs, a frantick, vagrant race?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above th' horrizon's brink;
Without LUCINA's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors,
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy; but to the merc'less flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
Th' indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolick now, and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimick chace,
Coursing around; unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valu'd prize: the rustick dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd younker, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport: his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal; the laborious chace
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline.* With these consort
The stanch, and steady sages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles,
And subtle doublings of the various chace.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Press boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip. But if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure; give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience, and his care; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the list'ning pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
His horn'd companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground:
Then with his load fatigued, shall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch; till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
Lash after lash, and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air,
Assail their dang'rous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd; as curious artists bend
The taper, pliant twig; or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is 't enough to breed; but to preserve
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old hounds,
Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,

O'er

O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks diſtain'd.
Rank-ſcenting, theſe muſt lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in ſenates who preſide,
With pleaded reaſon and with well-turn'd ſpeech
Conduct the ſtaring multitude; ſo theſe
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boaſt diſcov'ries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their ſpan; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus in old Homer's ſong
So highly honour'd: kind, ſagacious brute!
Not ev'n Minerva's wiſdom could conceal
Thy much lov'd maſter from thy nicer ſenſe.
Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd thoſe eyes, well pleas'd.

Of leſſer ills the Muſe declines to ſing,
Nor ſtoops ſo low; of theſe each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O! what care!
What prudence can prevent madneſs, the worſt
Of maladies? Terrifick peſt! that blaſts
The huntſman's hopes, and deſolation ſpreads
Thro' all th' unpeopled kennel unreſtrain'd.
More fatal than th' envenom'd viper's bite;
Or that Apulian ſpider's pois'nous ſting,
Heal'd by the pleaſing antidote of ſounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the ſun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping ſurface, viſit thou
Each ev'n and morn, with quick obſervant eye,
Thy panting pack. If in dark ſullen mood,
The glouting hound refuſe his wonted meal,
Retiring to ſome cloſe, obſcure retreat,
Gloomy, diſconſolate: with ſpeed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in ſtrong chains
Bind him ſuſpected. Thus that dire diſeaſe
Which art can't cure, wiſe caution may prevent.

But this neglected, ſoon expect a change,
A diſmal change, confuſion, frenzy, death.
Or in ſome dark receſs the ſenſeleſs brute,
Sits ſadly pining: deep melancholy,
And black deſpair, upon his clouded brow
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Diſtilling fall; and from his lungs inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition: his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his penſive head, his trembling limbs
No more ſupport his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, ſpiritleſs, benum'd; till death at laſt
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold alas!
A yet more dreadful ſcene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like ſome angry boar
Churning he foams; and on his back erect
His pointed briſtles riſe; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harſh broken howlings rends
The poiſon-tainted air, with rough hoarſe voice
Inceſſant bays; and ſnuffs th' infectious breeze;
This way and that he ſtares aghaſt, and ſtarts
At his own ſhade; jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply tow'rd the ſtream
He caſt his roving eye, cold horror chills
His ſoul; averſe he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantick to the kennel's utmoſt verge
Raving he runs, and deals deſtruction round.
The pack fly diverſe; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance thro' the weak fence eſcap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man, nor beaſt
He ſpares, implacable. The hunter-horſe,
Once kind aſſociate of his ſylvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and liſt'ning hears with joy
The cheering cry, that morn and eve ſalutes
His raptur'd ſenſe) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadrupede! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond maſter with his voice applaud
Thy gentleneſs, thy ſpeed; or with his hand
Stroke thy ſoft dappled ſides, as he each day
Viſits thy ſtall, well pleas'd; no more ſhalt thou
With ſprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For oh! the ſecret wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the ground and dies.

(To be continued.)

COURT

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

CLARK *versus* ADAMS *and* ANOTHER.

THIS action was tried before the Chief Justice Eyre, and is of so much importance, that the public should know its decision. It was brought by the plaintiff, who is an oilman, against the defendants, as Farriers, for a supposed neglect of duty in their profession, in administering too large a dose of physic, to the plaintiff's horse, by the occasion of which the horse died.

It appeared from the evidence of Mr. Jones, a farrier, that he attended the horse for some time previous to his death, and then called in Mr. Moorcroft, of the Veterinary College, to see him opened, which was done in the defendants absence, and from whose testimony, liability was or was not to attach upon the defendants: from their evidence it appeared, that the intestines were much inflamed, and of that sort of inflammation which proceeded from the effect of too severe purgation, and that it was different from that sort of inflammation which proceeded from cold, or other cause arising out of the constitution.

On their cross examination, Jones admitted he had administered both clisters and drinks to this animal that had a composition of opium in its mixture; and Moorcroft maintained the principle, that from one ounce and an half to three ounces of best aloes might with safety be given to a horse as a dose of physic.

The defendants having proved that the medicine administered to this horse did not consist of more than half an ounce of aloes; and having likewise made it appear that the defendants had not been guilty of neglect, the learned Judge, on summing up the evidence, stated the law upon the subject with great discrimination, distinguishing this sort of action from others; and that it was necessary, in order to support a cause of this sort on principles to make out a case of gross and manifest ignorance or neglect in the defendants, before the plaintiff ought to recover, and that case not being sustained, he recommended it to the Jury with much force to find a verdict for the defendants, which they did accordingly, without much hesitation.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

THE new piece at this Theatre, called the CASTLE SPECTRE, has deservedly made a great impression on the crowded audiences that have attended its representation. There is an awful interest in several of the scenes that has not been exceeded by any dramatic performance for many years.—The *supernatural* agency by which the ultimate moral is accomplished, may not perhaps be in exact obedience to the severe rules of modern criticism; but the surprize—the terror—and the great dramatic effect which is produced by it—are equally interesting and astonishing. We attended the third representation of this beautifully romantic drama on Saturday night, December 16, and are more than ever satisfied of the claims it possesses to the encouragement of those who go to a Theatre with a view to have their passions excited and gratified, their morals regulated, and their eye delighted by an exhibition of some of the grandest scenery ever seen upon the stage.

THE STORY.

Angela, the heroine of the piece is in love with Earl Percy, and is herself beloved by her uncle, Earl Osmond, who, in a family feud, has killed her mother, and who supposes himself also the murderer of her father. But the life of Reginald has been preserved by an old servant, who, fearing fatal consequences to himself, keeps him somewhat inhumanly chained in a dungeon for sixteen years. This Earl Osmond discovers in the progress of the piece, and endeavours in vain to make her father's life the price of Angela's consent to his wishes. By missing her way in her endeavours to escape, Angela stumbles upon her father; Osmond comes immediately after with his assassins; a Ghost follows close upon his heels, and after the Ghost, in comes Earl Percy, with his armed retainers. During the hesitation and fright occasioned by the apparition, Angela stabs her uncle, and after that heroic act, embraces Percy and Reginald with all the softness imaginable, and so concludes *The Castle Spectre.*

CHARACTERS.

Osmond,	-	*Mr. Barrymore.*
Reginald,	-	*Mr. Wroughton.*
Percy,	-	*Mr. Kemble.*
Father Philip,		*Mr. Palmer.*
Motley,	-	*Mr. Bannister, jun.*
Kenrick,	-	*Mr. Aickin.*
Hassan,	-	*Mr. Dowton.*
Saib,	-	*Mr. Trueman.*
Muley,	-	*Mr. Davis.*
Alaric,	-	*Mr. Wentworth.*
Allan,	-	*Mr. Packer.*
Edric,	-	*Mr. Wathen.*
Angela,	-	*Mrs. Jordan.*
Alice,	-	*Mrs. Walcot.*
Evelina,	-	*Mrs. Powell.*

ANOTHER ACCOUNT BY A CORRESPONDENT.

The Drama produced at Drury-lane Theatre, on Thursday evening, December 14, being known to come from the pen of the Author of *The Monk*, a Romance more popular, than the friends of morality must wish, would naturally excite much expectation among the reading and intelligent part of the public, and draw crowds on the first night of representation to the Boxes and Pit; and the catching title of the CASTLE SPECTRE! was sure to excite the curiosity of the lower ranks, and fill the Galleries; it is no wonder therefore that the Theatre was completely crammed.

The Author has catered with a lavish hand for all the prejudices of the weak; but though his dish was a kind of dish of all sorts, it contained scarcely a morsel that could be relished by the strong minded, the intelligent, or the judicious. It was the very reverse of what Shakespeare applies to works of superior elegance and refinement, which he says prove "*caviar* to the general." To call the probability of the fable in question, where a writer avowedly sits down to deal in preternatural agency, as far as that agency is employed, would be idle and absurd; and in the present case it would be most unjust, because it is in the production of his *Spectre*, and in his management of it, that the Author of the Drama under consideration is best entitled to commendation. He certainly has followed the rule of Mr. Bayes with good effect, and understands what will serve to "elevate and surprise," as well as that great master of the miraculous. Having plainly told us, therefore, that he meant to exhibit a Ghost, it must be owned that he has wielded his magician's wand in a masterly manner; and it would

would not be to be wondered at, from the success that will in all probability attend his attempt, if he were next season to invite the town to see him raise the Devil himself, as he may be assured before hand, that still greater numbers of persons of all descriptions and all ages, men, women, and children, would crowd to the Theatre, to take a peep at the black gentleman, and measure his hoofs and his horns.

The vehicle of his enchantment is, however, a fair object of critical observation. The flat ingredients that constitute the spells used by him to draw his magical circle, and the small degree of mystery he employs in preparation for the surprise he obviously intends, may, without offence to the Author's dignity, challenge some animadversion, and it is those chiefly that the writer means to remark upon.

With respect to the general plot made up from *Udolpho*, the *Monk*, and other Romances, abstracted from considerations immediately connected with the appearance of the *Spectre*, it surely is extremely questionable on the score of ingenuity of invention, contrivance, and conduct. The main incident of a murderer's enjoying the spoils of his guilt for sixteen years, with not only the instruments of his crime living about him, but the main object of his intended and incomplete assassination in existence under his roof, not only revolts probability, but shocks moral feeling, and offends that useful Christian prejudice, "that blood cannot be concealed." It is an incident allowable only in Romance. The disguise of *Gilbert*, the sudden appearance of *Percy*, the manner in which each tell their story to the other, and each story in itself, are wholly incredible. The use made of the introduction of *Percy* into the Castle, and the effect of his assumption of *Reginald's* suite of amour, are dramatic and entitled to praise. His escape from a window of extreme height, though partaking of the wonderful, may also pass. The rest of the progress of the plot and incidents are more or less censurable, but none more than Osmond's having his clothes frightened on his back by a terrific dream after he was in bed; the Fat Friar's leaving Angela in the lurch to effect his own escape from the dungeon, and not meeting Earl Osmond and his Blacks on their way to it, though he must necessarily have passed back by the same passage, and the *descent* of the Ghost in a flame of fire; rather a warm *exit*, for the spirit of a virtuous woman! It only wanted Osmond's body to be snatched up in in a cloud to heaven, to complete the ridicule of the scene.

The Dialogue of this Drama is with some exceptions, uncommonly tame and prosaic, with scarcely a single attempt at elevation or wit. The sentiments consist chiefly of trite truisms, which have been hacknied over and over again; and what attempts at little humour there are in the parts of Gilbert and the Monk, are for the most part, feeble and impotent. In fact, the one is a motley but illegitimate relation of the Touchstone family, without the characteristic wit of a Court fool: and the other a poor mixture of Father Dominick in the *Spanish Fryar*, and Father Paul in the *Duenna*, without the pleasantry of either.

The characters of Angela and Osmond are the most laboured of the *Dramatis Personæ*. The first is an amiable damsel in distress, who generally interests the feelings from the virtuous bent of her mind, and the critical danger of her situation; and sometimes excites sublimer emotions by her simple but forcible appeals to nature. Osmond is the old villain of tragedy;

tragedy, always ſeen as the foil of a virtuous character in the play, and never ſeen without general deteſtation and abhorrence. Percy is a harmleſs ſort of Harlequin, with no other means of proving his agility, than a ſudden eſcape, by falling adroitly on a couch from a chair, and pretending to be aſleep, and ſo bold a leap from a high window, that no man who was wide awake and in his ſenſes would have ventured it. The Nurſe is a bad copy of Shakeſpeare's garrulous Old Woman in *Romeo and Juliet*; and Oſmond's deſcription of his horrid dream, is almoſt in the very words taken from Richard's Dream in his tent near Boſworth Field. If it were neceſſary to give a ſummary deſcription of this whimſical and wonderful Drama, it might be ſaid without injuſtice, that it is an incoherent jumble of Tragedy and trumpery, Farce and finery, Puppet-ſhew and Pantomime, with ſome incidents and ſituations worthy of better company.

The Managers well knowing that they might much more ſafely rely on the folly, than on the good ſenſe of the million, have ſpared no pains or expence to decorate this dainty diſh. The ſcenery is really beautiful and magnificent, and the muſic (we preſume by Kelly) truly magical. The ſcenery is ſaid to have been chiefly executed by Mr. Thomas Greenwood, an artiſt, under twenty years of age, and proves him to hold a pencil of great promiſe.

The *Dramatis Perſonæ* are powerfully ſupported. Mr. Kemble and Mr. Banniſter are in characters little calculated to call forth their reſpective powers. Mrs. Jordan played moſt intereſtingly. Mr. Palmer gave the Friar as much importance as the colouring of the character would allow; his chief humour ſeemed to lie in his great belly. Indeed, from his gormandizing propenſities, he may be ſaid to poſſeſs the *animus ſemper in Patinis*; and Doiley might apply the criticiſm to his humour, which he paſſes upon the Greek of Gradus —" Why z—ds, this is all about the pantry." Mrs. Powell, in Evelina's ſpirit, charmed all the fleſh and blood that looked on her. Even Dowton made his efforts in the character of Haſſan (a black ſlave), who is repeatedly preaching of virtue, and as conſtantly practiſing vice with great ſucceſs. The character is in nature, but already copied from Zanga in the *Revenge*. Mr. Aickin made the moſt of Kenrick, and Mr. Wroughton excited no ſmall ſhare of intereſt in his ſingle ſcene.

In the Prologue, the author fairly ſtated what he meant to do, and whence he had copied; and his confeſſion was made through a very high finiſhed poetical medium. It was extremely well delivered by Mr. Wroughton.

The Epilogue was given by Jordan, and had a conſiderable ſhare of humour in it; but even from Jordan ſuch vulgariſms as " kick the bucket," *cum multis aliis*, are ſcarcely allowable, without ſome appropriate preparation.

The drama of *The Caſtle Spectre* is much too long; and as the converſation ſcenes are intolerably tedious, the more that ſhall be cut of it, the more the effect of the repreſentation will be heightened and improved. W.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE GAME OF SNITCH'EM'S.

THIS game may be ranked among the faireſt games on the cards, and though it has the appear-

appearance of being very ſimple in itſelf, there requires great judgment, and an extraordinary good memory to play it well. A good player at this game, ſhould remember every card that is played; for as the whole game depends upon getting the majority of cards, it is needful to know what cards are out, and what remains in the ſtock.

The way to play this game is as follows:—you muſt begin by cutting for deal, making the higheſt or loweſt to deal, as you and your antagoniſts think proper. After the cards are cut, if you are the dealer, you muſt give three cards to your adverſary, and three to yourſelf, and then turn up four for the table. Your adverſary is then to play firſt, and endeavour to make with his own card, and thoſe on the table, either eighths, tens, pairs, or pair royals. For example; if there are upon the table a trois, a ten, a ſix, and a five of any ſuit, by playing a ſeven to the trois, which makes ten, you can take up the ten with them, or by playing a five to the five, you can take up the ten alſo; but it is always the judgment to rid the table of the loweſt cards, by which means your adverſary has a leſs chance of taking up any, as the number of low cards are much greater, conſequently they are more liable to be taken up. If a four, an eight, ten, or any figured card be on the table, and you have the ſimilar cards in your hand, you muſt play your four to the four on the table, preferable to any other, whereby you make eight, which entitles to take up the eight with them, leaving the ten and the figured card on the table; nothing being able to touch either of them but a ſimilar card. If you are the player, and can take no card up, you muſt throw one of your cards down, and your adverſary muſt take up what he can; if he alſo cannot take up any card, he muſt do the ſame, till one of you can either take up, or you both have no more cards left in hand. When no card can be taken up by either of you, and you both have diveſted yourſelves of your cards in hand, the dealer muſt deal three more cards to each, then laying the ſtock cards down, the elder hand muſt proceed as before to play, in order to take up as many cards as he can. If he can take up none, yet he muſt put one out of his hand, thus going on dealing, till your cards in hand are exhauſted. When the ſtock cards are all dealt out, and you are playing the laſt hand, you muſt judge what cards have been played, ſo that you may keep a card for the laſt that will take up ſomething; for by the laſt card which takes up, you are entitled to every one on the table, which is a very great advantage, and often ſecures the game, by giving you a conſiderable majority. If a figure card is on the table, either king, queen, or knave, and you have one of either in your hand, you ſhould keep it for the laſt card to take up with, as there is a greater chance of a figure to remain on the table than any other. You ſhould always remember what cards have been taken up, and played out for; by knowing this, you can diſcard, or take up accordingly; as for inſtance, if you have a ten in hand, another is on the table, and the third has been taken up by the fourth, you may let it remain there, and take up what you can beſides. Indeed, if there is no other card which can be taken up, you are obliged to take it; and the ſevens, eighths, and nines, or any other cards have been made uſe of, prefer taking up the deuce, trois, or ſix, or any other which is moſt liable, according to calculation, to be ſnatched up by your antagoniſt.

This game depends greatly upon me-

mory and calculation. If the cards are not well mixed, you may calculate pretty nearly, where ſuch and ſuch cards lie in the ſtock, or whether your adverſary has them in his hand, and thereby play your game with much greater ſafety.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Thouſands of myriads wait the ſummer's ſun,
That ſhrink and vaniſh with a wintry blaſt.

THE event of the late trial in the Court of King's Bench, James againſt Dibble, (the impartial particulars of which will, I doubt not, appear in your entertaining Miſcellany*) affords me opportunity to offer a few remarks upon the inconſiſtency, impolicy, in fact, cruelty of turning horſes out to ſtraw yards near the metropolis, under the miſtaken notion of their enjoying "a winter's run," (which might, with greater truth, be termed a winter's ſtarvation) where they ſtand a very probable chance of encountering every ill that can be ſuſtained by the experiment.

It is abſolutely impoſſible for any man, poſſeſſing the common feelings of humanity, in a ride round Hampſtead, Highgate, Tottenham, Edmonton, or, in fact, any of the villages, within ten miles of the capital, in the months of February and March, without being ſhocked at the multiplicity of emaciated, weak, and patient objects, (many of which were inhumanely abandoned to their meal of miſery, when full of fleſh and in fine condition) locked in a damp and dreary yard with a profuſion of empty cribs, and a "plentiful ſcarcity of every thing elſe; merely exiſting upon a wretched pittance of muſty hay, the very tops and bottoms of ricks, diſpenſed by the iron hand of penury, lightly ſhaken up, and calculated like the "beggarly account of the apothecary's empty boxes, to make up a ſhew."

Not wiſhing to trouble either you or your readers with a tedious animadverſion upon what to every rational obſerver muſt be too ſufficiently evident to ſtand in need of much elucidation, I ſhall only beg to intrude ſuch remarks upon the general event of the meaſure, as will, I am confident, fully demonſtate the extreme folly and ultimate loſs of ſo prevalent and ſo ridiculous a cuſtom.

If we ſeriouſly advert to the act, it will hardly bear patient reflection, that a *gingerbread jay*, or *variegated butterfly*, of an *owner* ſhould, during the warm and enlivening months of ſummer, gratify his ambition by a daily diſplay of his *ſweet* perſon on horſeback, as an object of his own imaginary attraction, during which, the animal is ſo truly inſtrumental, that he is pampered with even a ſuperflux of nutriment; but, at the dull and dreary period, when nature begins to lour, and he is no longer neceſſary to the gratification of his maſter's wiſhes, he is then moſt unfeelingly caſt off, and deſtined to a temporary oblivion. With regret, be it recited, that when the owner is unavoidably compelled by the ſeverity of the ſcene, in ſome hoſpitable roof to ſeek for ſhelter, his frequently boaſted favourite is inhumanely deſtined to all the inclemencies of bitter cold, hard froſt, deep ſnows, and bodily want; a trembling object of tender commiſeration to every follower of the mild and gentle Sterne, who may happen to caſt the

* They do appear in this Number, page 125.

the eye of penetration upon an animal so undeservedly doomed to all the miseries of life, as one who had committed a crime.

"To rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
"Which once divided never meet again."

Thus much upon the *inhumanity*; now to the *impolicy* of the practice. Every man of judgment and experience well knows, that with very few exceptions, a mistaken economy is the true motive for so uncharitable an undertaking; in fact, an ignorant and implicit acquiescence in the illiterate and vulgar opinion, that "when a horse does not *work*, he need not *eat*;" and sorry I am to acknowledge, that an invariable adhesion to the persuasive and predominant idea of self-interest, tends more to promote and support the practice, than any combination of facts, or advantages that can be produced in its favour; for the experience of hundreds has proved, that after an emaciation of some months from want of food within, and bodily extremity without, it has cost considerably more upon being brought home skeletons (including the prostituted premium at the Straw Yard), to accumulate flesh for their decent appearance in public, than the expence of moderate keep in a good warm stable during the winter. In corroboration of this opinion, permit me to add, that having for near thirty years past been the possessor of horses, and those of no inferior description, I was never but twice induced to make the experiment, and each brought me to a repentance of my folly, and must candidly confess, that as I would myself, so would I advise others to do; which is, rather to send their horses twenty, thirty, or even forty miles into the country, to the plentiful cribs of the real Straw Yard, accompanied by the cows standing up to their bellies in barley straw, well impregnated with clover, and sheltered by the surrounding barns and sheds, from the severities of the season. Your's,

AN INVETERATE ENEMY
to *nominal* Straw-yards *near* the *Metropolis*.

Dec. 18, 1797.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

AN ASIATIC'S REMARKS ON FEMALE GAMESTERS IN ENGLAND.

THIS traveller, writing to his friend of the manners of the English, says, "The ladies here are by no means such ardent gamesters as the women of Asia. In this respect I must do the English justice; for I love to praise where applause is justly merited. Nothing is more common in China, than to see two women of fashion continue gaming, till one has won all the other's clothes, and stripped her quite naked; the winner thus marching off in a double suit of finery, and the loser shrinking in the primitive simplicity of nature. How happy, my friend, are the English ladies, who never rise to such an inordinance of passion! Though the sex here are naturally fond of games of chance, and are taught to manage games of skill from their infancy, yet they never pursue ill fortune with such amazing intrepidity.

"Indeed I may entirely acquit them of ever playing, I mean of playing for their clothes; though it is true, they often stake their fortune, their beauty, health, and reputations, at a gaming table. It even sometimes happens, that they play their husbands into a gaol; yet

yet ſtill they preſerve a decorum unknown to the females in the Eaſt. I have been preſent at a route in this country, where a woman of faſhion, after loſing her money, has ſat writhing in all the agonies of bad luck; and yet after all, never attempted to ſtrip a ſingle petticoat, or cover the board, as her laſt ſtake, with her head clothes. However, though I praiſe their moderation at play, I muſt not conceal their aſſiduity. In China, our women, except on ſome particular days, are not permitted to finger a dice box; but here, every day ſeems to be a feſtival, and night itſelf, which gives others reſt, only ſerves to increaſe the female gameſters induſtry.

"I have been told of an old lady in the country, who being given over by the phyſicians, played with the Curate of the pariſh to paſs the time away. Having won all his money, ſhe next propoſed playing for her funeral charges. The propoſal was accepted, but unfortunately the lady expired juſt as ſhe had taken in her game.

"There are ſome paſſions, which, though differently purſued, are attended with equal conſequences in every country. Here they game with more perſeverance, there with greater fury. Here they ſtrip their families, there they ſtrip themſelves naked. A lady in China who indulges a paſſion for gaming, often becomes a drunkard, and by flouriſhing a dice-box in one-hand, ſhe generally comes to brandiſh a dram-cup in the other. Far be it from me to ſay, there are any ladies who drink drams in England; but it is natural to ſuppoſe, that when a lady has loſt every thing elſe but her honour, ſhe will be apt to toſs that into the bargain; and, grown inſenſible to nicer feelings, behave like the Spaniard, who when all his money was gone, endeavoured to borrow more, by offering to pawn his whiſker."

CHARLES HUGHES.

A Prolix detail of the origin of an Equeſtrian Performer, would be only troubling our readers with what their own underſtandings had probably pre-ſuggeſted; namely, that his birth was obſcure, and his erudition ſlender. Suffice it then, in brevity, to ſay, that Hughes was the ſon of a village ale-houſe-keeper in Glouceſterſhire; that, as ſoon as of age ſufficient for the different changes, he was a poſt-chaiſe driver, a groom in a gentleman's ſtable, and in the year 1766, or thereabout, a competitor with Price, Sampſon, and others, in feats of horſemanſhip, in a place fitted up for the purpoſe, near Black Friars Bridge, where he acquired conſiderable reputation in his profeſſion; and in a very ſhort time emigrated to the Continents, Europe and North America, where we will leave him till the building of the Royal Circus in 1782, with which we will continue his hiſtory.

At about this period it was that the ingenious Mr. Dibdin propoſed to ſome of his friends to build a Theatre for Dramatic and Equeſtrian Exhibitions. Colonel Weſt, late of Rathbone-place, (of reſpected memory) and four others, were ſhortly induced to raiſe a ſubſcription for the purpoſe; and, being moſtly men of fortune and ſpirit, daily enlarged and improved the ſcheme; and, in a few months, laid out to the tune of near Fifteen Thouſand Pounds in building and preparing the Royal Circus, appointing Mr. Dibdin manager of the ſtage, and Hughes, (who had juſt arrived from abroad, where he had

had both got and spent an immensity of money) of the ring, or horsemanship. So that the assertion in some of the diurnal prints, that he was the first projector, and some years proprietor of that Theatre, is void of truth, since he was neither the one nor the other, having a life interest only; which indeed gave him a power he did not fail to make use of—of ruining that Theatre, and himself.

The Royal Circus was opened in November 1782, Mr. Dibdin and Hughes conducting their different departments of Stage and Horsemanship Exhibitions, under the controul and direction of the Proprietors, or Subscribers before mentioned. But being not yet licensed, and the Winter season coming on, it soon closed, till the Spring following.

The Entertainments (those of the Stage particularly) were tasty and pleasing, and in the Summer season of 1783, netted a clear profit of Three Thousand Four Hundred Pounds. One moiety of which, the Proprietors generously divided between Messrs. Dibdin and Hughes, and expended the other in further decorations and improvements.

But the profits of the Entertainments were but a secondary consideration to Hughes. The ring of the Royal Circus, now all the *ton*, was allowed to Hughes to make the best advantage of he could, as a Riding School; and it soon became the favourite resort of persons of the first distinction, to learn, or practice Equestrian exercises. Nay, the generosity of the Proprietors towards Hughes, did not stop here; for other stables, in addition to those actually belonging to the Circus, were rented by them for his use, which he occupied with horses, either to break, or for sale; and it is a well known fact, that the clear profits of the ring, for the first year, yielded Hughes upwards of One Thousand Pounds; an advantage that was likely to improve, rather than diminish, but for causes that will presently speak for themselves.

Poor Hughes was, perhaps, the most extraordinary, eccentric character upon earth. Litigation was his darling passion, for the gratification of which, he would chearfully forego any the most pecuniary advantages. That tide in his affairs which was thus rapidly running on to fortune, he as assiduously stem'd, as a man would a breach that was likely to drown him. Irrascible, turbulent, and indecorous, his whole industry was daily employed in searching out objects of contention with his brother Manager, of whose superior talents he was jealous to a great degree; and the Subscribers, (or his Co-proprietors, as he was fond of calling them) because they opposed and reproved his impetuous temper; and having cultivated an acquaintance with some of the most abandoned characters in the rules of the King's Bench, among whom were several petti-fogging lawyers, (Colonel West, under whom his genius was rebuked, dying about this time) actions at law, and bills in Chancery, engrossed his mind, and his very soul was wrapped up in brief sheets, and slips of parchment; and at the end of the second season, counselled and assisted with the myrmidons just mentioned, and heading a hired banditti, composed of jail-runners, seized upon, and dispossessed the Proprietors of their Theatre, which they for a while, with a most unexampled meanness, submitted to; and very soon after, his co-manager, Dibdin, through his violent usage, and being unprotected, abandoned the Theatre, leaving him in full possession of the whole property.

For two seasons, during which a bill

bill in chancery was pending between him and the Proprietors, did Hughes alone conduct the entertainments of the Circus. But, alas! what a falling off was here.

This charming Theatre, which, under the eye of Dibdin, had been fitted up with so much taste and eloquence, became a shocking spectacle of devastation. The boxes, the transient resort of beauty and fashion, were occupied, by virtue of written orders from our Equestrian Chief, by butchers just transmigrated from their slaughter houses, bum-bailiffs, jail-runners, and thief-takers; who (literally to follow Sir John Falstaff's idea) might be "following their vocation," perhaps; and the place was metamorphosed into a mere bear garden.

"Alas! to what base uses may we turn."

But a decree in Chancery being obtained against Hughes, about the latter end of the year 1787, this concern was restored to its real, if not original owners. For several transfers of shares, and parts of shares had been made, and the firm was now composed of a Baronet, an Irish Earl, a Chevalier, a Pharo Banker, and three *honest* Attornies—a goodly group!

But now the case was materially altered with respect to Hughes, whose imprudence and dissipation, had long deprived him of the resource arising from his Riding School; and articles being entered into between him and the Proprietors, by order of the Court, by which One Thousand Three Hundred and Five Pounds per Annum, was to be allowed to the latter, for interest and rent, before any division of profits took place, which sum alone was not very likely to be gained, till the House had retrieved some portion at least, of its lost reputation, a liberal weekly pay for his horses and riders, was Hughes's only dependance.

On the other hand, the Proprietors, who were vested with fuller power than ever over Hughes and the whole concern, either through fear, diffidence, pusillanimity, or for other good causes and considerations, perhaps, tamely gave way to his ungovernable temper, and appointing Delpini *vice* Dibdin, Stage Manager, opened the Theatre, in 1788, and at the end of the season, found themselves losers of about Three Thousand Pounds. But seeing, too late, that their loss was to be attributed to unnecessary and exorbitant expences, rather than want of encouragement from the Public, they, in the following season, delegated their power to an agent; who making a reform in the expences, and some alterations and improvements in the House, and entertainments, in spite of the intractable behaviour of Hughes, who refused to supply the horsemanship on any reasonable term, opened the House with Stage Exhibitions only. But Hughes soon coming to terms (though not without causing a riot in House for two successive evenings), the Theatre before the end of that season, was raised to the highest pitch of reputation imaginable; insomuch, that the following season brought down the jealousy and vengeance of the Proprietors of the Theatres Royal; who, (to their great dishonour it must be recorded) hired a trading Justice of the Peace, and other emissaries, to accomplish its ruin.

Their resentment, however, in about two or three years, having subsided, they suffered Hughes (for the Proprietors abandoned it as a lost estate to them) to open it; but the representatives of the late Colonel West, (who was the ground landlord and lessor of the premises) soon rejected him, and then let the Theatre; which now,

it

it is believed, has neighbour's fare with the other Equestrian Theatre: and whilst Sadlers Wells has no other rivals than those Theatres, whose dramatic entertainments are under the direction of Equestrian Managers, its Proprietors have little to fear.

Thus did poor, paradoxical Hughes, spurn the good fortune that chance (not merit) had thrown in his way, and instead of leaving a plentiful provision for his family, died, it is to be feared, in circumstances far from affluent.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ARBITRATION.

WHILE the determined obstinacy of some lead them to repentant ultimatum of litigation, Westminster Hall, there are others whose prudent reflection prompts them rather

——— "To bear those ills they have,
"Than fly to others that they know not of."

We are led to this observation, by the termination of a dispute between Mr. Gallin, (agent to the Count Orloff, for the purchase of horses in England) and Mr. Calvart, of Tottenham Court Road, who jointly preferred an amicable arbitration, to the glorious uncertainty of the law, and the caprice in opinion, or error in judgment, of a Jury. The case was literally this: Mr. Gallin being in treaty for some brood mares of Lord Egremont's, had occasion to take a survey of them at his Lordship's seat, near Petworth, in Sussex, and applied to Mr. Calvart for the hire of a horse and chaise for that purpose, telling him, "he was going to Lord Egremont's, which was *two* or *three* miles from Guildford, which was thirty miles from London; that they should remain there one whole day, and return on the third." Upon this statement, Mr. Calvart (who knew nothing of either that country or the distance) let his horse and chaise so to go; that was, to Lord Egremont's seat, reported to him by the party so hiring, to be *two* or *three* miles from Guildford. On the 21st of July, one of the *very few* hot days in the last summer, was the day they sat out from Tottenham Court Road, about eight in the morning, stopped at Kingston, again at Guildford, where they discovered they had *eighteen* miles *farther* to go, and that distance both a hilly and sandy road; after the necessary enquiries, they proceeded on their journey, and reached Petworth soon after dark. Upon an attempt to remove the horse in the morning, he was so completely *foundered*, that he was almost *immoveable*. In this predicament, Mr. G. submitted him to the Veterinarian perspicuity and penetration of that neighbourhood, where he was bled, rowelled, &c. when at the expiration of four or five weeks, he was brought to town by some waggon, and delivered to Mr. Calvart's yard, a *perfect cripple*, with a message from Mr. G. that "he would be answerable for any Farriery that might be necessary." Mr. C. however, went into no expensive process, but pared his feet, placing him with wet clay to stand in, and proceeded in a demand of compensation for the injury sustained; when, after such preparatory steps as are generally taken, before the combatants came to the *fiery ordeal* of Lord Kenyon's decision, each party proved to have "*wit* in his *anger*," and to abide the event of an arbitration; Mr. Taplin, of the Equestrian Receptacle in Edgeware, having been appointed on the part of Mr. Cal-

vart, and Mr. Moorcroft of Oxford Street, on the part of Mr. Gallin; when, after an accurate and attentive inveſtigation of every circumſtance attendant upon the caſe, (taking up an examination of nearly ſix hours) the predominant traits of equity were ſo much in favour of Mr. Calvart's demand, that the defendant (adviſed by his friends) very handſomely paid down Twenty-five Pounds, for the palpable damage Mr. Calvart had ſuſtained. Thus have the gentlemen of the long robe been deprived of one horſe caſe this term, in addition to thoſe we have inſerted for the entertainment of our readers.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF AGRICULTURE, ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

AT the ANNUAL MEETING of the ſaid Society, held at their Rooms in Bath, Dec. 12, 1797,

Sir GEO. O. PAUL, Bart. (on behalf of Lord Somerville taken ill) in the Chair.

Preſent—His Grace the Duke of Bedford, Marquiſſes of Lanſdown and Bath, Earl Hawarden, Lord Somerville, Lord Gwydir, Lord John Ruſſell, and numerous other Gentlemen from different parts of the nation.

The Duke of Bedford, and four other Members, having been appointed a Committee to inſpect the ſheep and cattle, and adjudge the premiums—the other buſineſs of the Meeting proceeded.

After a general reading of the Minutes of the preparatory meeting, and different adjournments of the ſame, the Meeting proceeded to the re-appointment of the Officers and Committees of the Society—to the filling up of vacancies, and appointing honorary Members, &c.

Wm. Gore Langton, Eſq. was appointed a Vice-Preſident, and Sir John Sinclair, Bart. (who was preſent) an Honorary Member.

The conſtitutional rules of the Society, the arrangement and reviſal of premiums heretofore offered, and the adoption of new premiums for the year enſuing, having been duly attended to, the following premiums and bounties, for the current year, were decreed, viz.

	IN PLATE.	
	l.	*s.*
To Mr. John Axford, of Eſtcott, for a crop of Weld, a bounty of	10	0
To J. G. Everett, Eſq. for the beſt and cleareſt crops of Corn in 1797, a bounty of	10	0
To the ſame for a Crop of Turnips, ſown laſt year, and twice hoed, a bounty of -	5	0
To Mr. Bridge, for a capital crop of Autumn Turnips, twice hoed, a bounty of -	5	0
To Geo. Webb Hall, Eſq for a capital improvement of Paſture land by ſoaper's aſhes, &c. a bounty of	5	0
To the ſame, for liming and marling land, ditto - -	5	0
To Mr. Crook, for the beſt two-toothed Ram, a bounty of	5	0
To the ſame, for the beſt fat Sheep, ſhewn at this Meeting	5	0
To T. W. Coke, Eſq. M. P. for a very fine Sheep, a bounty of	5	0
To Mr. Moger, for excellence in Rams, of the horned race, a bounty of -	5	0
To Rev. T. Broughton, for the fineſt Ewe's Fleece -	3	0
To Dr. Parry, for beſt Ram's Fleece in proportion to the weight of the animal, a bounty of -	3	0
To Mr. Highett, of Maiden Bradley, for erecting the moſt complete Threſhing and Winnowing Machine, a bounty of -	20	0
To Mr. Exter, of the county of Devon, for his important Experiments in the Drill Huſbandry, and Statement of the ſame, a bounty of	10	10

To the following Labourers in Huſbandry,

IN MONEY.

Somerſet.—To Paul Matthews, of Radſtock,

	l.	s.
Radstock, for bringing up 9 children without parochial aid	3	3
Somerset.—To Thomas Howse, of Stoke-Gregory, for bringing up 8 in same manner -	3	3
Wilts.—To Tho. Waldron, of Ogborn-Saint-George, for bringing up 7 in like manner	3	3
Wilts.—To John Haines, of Figel-Dean, for bringing up 7 in like manner -	3	3

To Servants, for long and meritorious Servitude, subject to their being found in the same places, viz.

	l.	s.
Gloucester.—To Eliz. Collier, of Bitton, for 29 years servitude	3	3
Dorset.—To Mary Baker, of Beaminster, for 28 ditto	3	3
Wilts.—To Eliz. Brown, of Edington, for 35 ditto	3	3
—— To Ann Hayward, of Tytherington, for 27 ditto	3	3
—— To Tho. Bayly, of Alton-Priors, for 54 ditto	3	3
To James Willis, of Huddington, for 40 years ditto	3	3
To J. Sutton, of ——, for 34 ditto	3	3
To Thos. Read, of ——, for 29 ditto	3	3

N. B. Servants are required to bring proof of their continued residence in the same service.

Resolved, That those Members, who suffer their subscriptions to run into arrear, after being repeatedly written to for payment, shall have their names laid before the Annual Meeting.

Resolved, That a second petition to Parliament, in favour of a general Inclosure Bill, to contain provisions for improving the situation of the labouring poor, be drawn up and signed at this Meeting, which was done accordingly.

Resolved, That New Premiums be offered on the following subjects, viz.

1. On *Orchard Plantations.*
2. On the comparative growth and profit of *Lucerne.*
3. *For new sorts of Apples.*
4. *For planting Fruit-trees in the fringes of Pleasure Grounds.*
5. *For making improved Vellum from Sheep-skins.*
6. *For a new and improved Chaff-Cutter, at a moderate price.*
7. *For any new and valuable Tool or Implement in Husbandry.*
8. *For an improved and effectual Threshing and Winnowing Machine,* not to exceed 50l. cost.
9. *For the Occupier and Improver of the most improved Farm, &c.*
10. *For a particularly meritorious old Servant in Husbandry, &c. &c.*

Resolved, That the thanks of the Meeting be returned to sundry persons who exhibited samples of Sheep and Cattle, although they did not fall within the description for premiums.

Resolved also, That the thanks of the Meeting be returned to Sir John Sinclair, Bart. for presents of books, &c. and to Sir G. O. Paul, Bart. for his obliging and able conduct in the Chair.

The Accounts of the Society being produced, the Fund was found improving.

The following new Members have been admitted since last Annual Meeting, viz.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Right Hon. the Earl of Digby, Right Hon. Lords Rolle and Gwydir, Lord John Russell, Sir Chas. Rich, Bart. Sir Alex. Grant, Bart. Edm. Rigby, Esq. Andrew Pope, Esq. Wm. Mills, Esq. Sim. Payne, Esq. Allen Tucker, Esq. W. Wilberforce, Esq. Mr. Henry Slade, Mr. James Croden, Andrew Baine, Esq. Dr. Cogan, Chas. Hoare, Esq. Mr. Thos. Evill, Sam. Fyler, Esq. H. Protheroe, Esq. J. Paul Paul, Esq. Mr. Robt. Clark, W. M. Everett, Esq. W. M. Greenhill, Esq. John Stone, Esq. J. Whitaker, Esq. Rd. Prescott, Esq. Nath. Barton, Esq. Mr. Thos. Crump, R. M. Phillips, Esq. Rev. Dr. Baker, Rev. Hen. Goddard, Mr. John Moore, and Benj. Webb, Esq.

[Increase of names this year, above 20.]

By Authority of the Society,

Wm. Matthews, Secretary.

N. B. At this Meeting was produced Mr. Billingsley's revised Sur-

vey of the County of Somerset, in one Volume 8vo. containing an ample account of the old, and newly improved, and improving state, of this County; with copious Dissertations on experimental Agriculture, and rural affairs, highly valuable to the public at large, in every part of the nation.

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

IN the fishing town of Johnshaven, in Scotland, a contest was witnessed between two *Ladies* of the *Basket*, which for some fifteen or twenty minutes was conducted on *both* sides with a virulence of invective, and an exuberance of epithet, that has hardly yet been equalled by their dignified imitators: at length, however, one of the ladies, finding herself *fairly outrailed* by her *foul*-tongued antagonist, but unwilling to quit the field, laid her arms across, assumed a placid smile, and to every *foul epithet* returned *an humble curtsey*; her success was complete, for her yet *enraged* adversary, deprived of the fuel that fed her fire, and her gall still unexhausted, came up to her very nose, stuck her arms a kimbo, and foaming with wrath, exclaimed "Speak! speak, ye b——, or I shall burst!!!"

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

The laxity of French manners extending themselves wherever they have reached, is evident in the following anecdote from Bergamo:—Two peasants, the one youth, and the other old, presented themselves before a Justice of the Peace. The latter said, "I could not live with my wife because she was too young for me. My neighbour quarrelled with his wife because she was too old for him. We agreed to exchange wives, and all four were happy for some time in this *matrimonial barter*. But I demanded," continue the old one, "that my neighbour should lend me one of his mules for five years. This was but reasonable, as I lent him a wife who was young and handsome, for one who was old and ugly. The mule died at the end of two years. I demand that he may furnish another for the three remaining years of the term."

The Justice of the Peace did not attend sufficiently to this strong reasoning. His decision was, that the business should end in a *status quo*, or that, in other words, "Each man may have his mare again."

ODD MARRIAGE.

There is an opinion generally prevalent in Staffordshire, that if a woman should marry a man in distressed circumstances, none of his creditors can touch her property, if she should be in *puris naturalibus* while the ceremony is performed. In consequence of this prejudice, a woman of some property lately came with her intended husband into the vestry of the great church of Birmingham, and the moment she understood that the Priest was ready at the altar, she threw off a large cloak, and, in the exact state of *Eve* in Paradise, walked deliberately to the spot, and remained in that state till the ceremony ended. This circumstance has naturally excited much noise in the neighbourhood, and various opinions prevail

prevail respecting the conduct of the clergyman. Some vehemently condemn him as having given a sanction to an act of indecency; and others think, as nothing is said relative to dress in the nuptial ceremony, that he had no power to refuse the rites. The print from which we copy this curious article says, "Our readers may be assured of the truth of this extraordinary event, however improbable it may appear in these times of *virtue* and *decorum*!"

Lately, a Knight of the Strap, at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, having all the business of the town to himself, attempted to advance the price of his operative scrape. In consequence of which, another *gentleman* of the *profession*, judging it a fair opportunity to display his talents at the old price, and to acquire a fortune by *exertion of bristle*, erected the *pole of opposition*; but not meeting with so many customers as he expected, he was under the necessity of giving out that he would *practice* at a *halfpenny per chin*. This had the desired effect; and the old shop, where the politics of Europe, and the scandal of the parish, had wont to be discussed, was entirely deserted. This so enraged Strap, that he resolved, by one bold effort, to ruin himself or his rival, and he accordingly shaved gratis, and treated each of his customers daily with a glass of gin! The whole town and neighbourhood flocked to his shop, and it was again enlivened with the "busy hum of men." The young barber, experiencing a total loss of business, was obliged to shut up his shop and his shaving-box, and leave his brother artist to dismantle, without opposition, the chins of his customers.—*Risum teneatis!*

Two ladies having a parrot each of very different opinions, the one as religious as the other was profane, the lady possessing the last, desired, as a favour of the other, that it might be placed by the side of the former, that it might imbibe better principles. This was complied with, and John ordered to take it. John not liking the journey, exclaimed, "D—n my mistress, a d—d foolish b—h, to send one parrot for another to teach to talk, and be d—d to her." This the bird attentively listened to, and was no sooner placed by the other, than he repeated it, word by word; to which the other instantly replied, "Good Lord incline our hearts to keep this law."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

On a Sunday evening some time ago, Mr. Thellufon, at his country house, at North Gray, took upon himself to correct the manners of his butler, by giving him two black eyes. The fellow brought his action for damages in the Court of Common Pleas, where it was contended on the part of the defendant, that the butler was drunk, and had misbehaved himself, which was a great offence in a *well-regulated* sober family; the *correctness* of the family was however a little impeached by the examination of a gentleman present, who on being asked if Mr. Thellufon himself was perfectly sober and not intoxicated, answered so much so, that he and all the company *joined together in a game of cards after supper*.—This circumstance was well put in for the servant, as it was maintained if he was faulty in getting drunk, his master was no less reprehensible for using the *devil's books* on a Sunday

Sunday evening.—Verdict for the servant, 50 guineas.

One very severe day this month, two labourers who were at work on the road, agreed to call at a public-house in Gleadless, near Sheffield, for a relish; and it was resolved between them, that he whose jaws first failed, should pay the shot for both. Red herrings were the food; of them the one devoured *eighteen*, the other *twenty-two*, with a proportionate quantity of oat bread, beside drinking as much ale as the fish might have swam in. After having cleared away heads and tails, bones, fins, and every thing, these animals, half men, half herrings, soberly returned to their work!

Prince Esterhazy, Regent of Hungary, gave a magnificent festival upon the signing of the treaty of peace with France. It was followed by a great hunting match, in which there were killed one hundred wild boars, two hundred and sixty deer, three hundred hares, and eighty foxes.

EQUESTRIAN COURAGE.

A respectable gentleman of Over, in Cheshire, has challenged all England to ride one hundred miles, for one hundred or five hundred guineas, against any person of the same age, and riding a horse as venerable in point of antiquity as his own.—The united ages of Old Nimrod and his nag, are 110.

One day this month a race was run over Ascot Course for a hundred guineas, between the celebrated poney Copperbottom, and a galloway taken from a farmer's cart, the best of three four-mile heats: as the poney had never been beaten, the odds at starting were sixty to twenty in her favour; after the first heat (which was won by the galloway) the poney was drawn. The honourable fraternity of *black legs*, who were *up to the business*, made a tolerable day's work of it.

One day this month, five capital hunters and a hound, belonging to the Lanark and Renfrewshire hunt, were found suffocated in the stables of Sir John Manwell, at Pullock. The groom had been in the stable very early in the morning feeding the horses, and it is supposed had dropped the snuffings of the candle on some wet straw, which produced so thick a smoke, that it was a considerable time after the accident was discovered, before any person could with safety venture into the stable.

One day last month, a walking match took place: the parties set out from the Cocoa-tree, the corner of Pall Mall, at ten o'clock, to walk to Salt Hill, for one hundred guineas each; the business was violently contested for nineteen miles, when victory was declared in favour of Sir Charles Bamfylde, Colonel Matthews second, Captain Halliday, of the navy, third. An elegant entertainment was prepared at Salt Hill for their numerous friends, which ended in extreme merriment; John Manners, Esq. as umpire, was in the chair, and added much to the conviviality.

In the night between Thursday and

and Friday, December 21 and 22, guns were heard firing in the woods and plantations of Anthony Hammond Efq. at Weftacre, in Norfolk, but by the vigilance of the game-keepers, the poachers were foon purfued and overtaken on the road leading towards Lynn; one was apprehended, but his companions efcaped, owing to the darknefs of the night. With the fellow taken, was an afs with a pair of panniers, containing nine brace of pheafants, a bag with three guns taken out of their ftocks, (one double barrelled, and the others fingle barrelled) and two empty facks, which had no doubt been employed for other purpofes, as there were geefe feathers in the infide. The culprit gave a full account, and information of himfelf and companions, who are noted poachers from Norwich.

During the paffage of the Concorde frigate to the Weft Indies, with General Cuyler and his fuite on board, fome quarrels took place between Captain Roberts and fome of the Gentlemen of the General's fuite; the moft confpicuous of which was between the Captain and General Cameron and Colonel Dickens. General Cameron told the Captain, that being on board his frigate, he confidered himfelf as the Captain's prifoner; but when he got afhore, he would ————. Colonel Dickens interferred in the bufinefs; and the iffue of the conteft was, that Captain Roberts ordered Colonel Dickens, with all his things, out of the cabin. Colonel Dickens faid, "I am General Cuyler's Adjutant-General; you are paid for my paffage, and if two-penny-worth of my baggage is loft, I will bring an action againft you for it." Out of the cabin Colonel Dickens went; and, in confequence, all the other Gentlemen followed him, refolving to go only where Colonel Dickens went. General Cuyler himfelf remained a quiet but attentive obferver of what was paffing. As Colonel Dickens could not eat in the cabin, none of the other Gentlemen would eat there, excepting General Cuyler. Breakfaft was got, dinner was got, fupper was got, and breakfaft got again, but none of the Gentlemen would eat any.—The Gentlemen, after walking the decks, and fafting for many hours, were at laft ftarved into a fubmiffion to the Captain, but which was chiefly brought about by the conciliatory conduct of General Cuyler.—On their arrival at Fort Royal, the Military Officers fent home complaints againft Captain Roberts, who, however, has fince died, and this curious bufinefs has confequently dropped.—The party in General Cuyler's fuite were General Donald Cameron, Colonel Richard Dickens, Captain Harry Cuyler, Captain James Henry Wools, Major Bonham, Dr. Peter Linfey, and Ifaac Low, Efq. a Commiffary.

The following incident, which happened not long fince in Norfolk, is recommended to the attention of all gentlemen who are too tenacious of the fports of the field. A gentleman's pointer was beating over fome ftanding corn of one of his tenants, encouraged by the mafter, and in fight of the farmer. The farmer had a gun in his hand, with which he very deliberately fhot the dog. The gentleman was exceffively angry, ran up to him, and enquired how he dared to do fuch an impudent thing? "Sir," fays the honeft countryman, with all the coolnefs imaginable, "I fuppofe you expect your rent; forgive me that, and fhoot when and where you

you pleafe; if not, pray do not deprive me of the means of procuring it for you." When the gentleman became cool, he allowed what his tenant had faid to be perfectly reafonable, and promifed to trefpafs on him no more.

A PROPOSED BOXING MATCH.

A very extraordinary conteft is expected to take place in a fhort time between the noted Giant of Epping, and one French, a farmer, at Staplefoid, in Effex. The challenge arofe from the latter faying in the room where the former was exhibited as a fhew, "he thought he was as good a man (meaning a *pugilift)* as the other, although he was above feven foot high." This fpeech roufed the fpirit of the modern Goliath, who offered to fight him fifty guineas againft twenty. The gauntlet was taken up by the farmer, and the combat is to be decided at Haven Green. What renders this expected battle the more remarkable is, that the Giant, as he is called, during the conflict, is to fit on a ftool, which will turn round as he turns, and being weak in his ancles, he depends for fuccefs on the chance of breaking an arm of his antagonift, which feat he boafts to have accomplifhed more than once.

Dec. 4. A very large falmon trout was caught in the river Stour, near Fordwich bridge; its length was three feet and an half, nine inches over, and weighed twenty-fix pounds. The colour of it was very beautiful.

Dec. 11. A fifh of an extraordinary kind, feldom met with in thefe parts, was caught at Deal; it is called a Fifhing Frog, and in many refpects refembles that creature; it weighs about feventy-five pounds, is four feet long, its mouth thirteen inches wide, and as deep when open.

BOXING.

Dec. 15. At Ball's pond, near Iflington, was fought a defperate battle between Hugh Lucy, a butcher, and William Stanford, a brewer's fervant. After feveral fevere blows on both fides, Lucy had the misfortune to break his leg, by which accident the battle was ended in favour of Stanford, although Lucy had, previous thereto, much the advantage.

Next day, at the fame place, was fought a pitched battle between Ben Cafe, a pavior, and the noted Jack Jones, a buckle-maker. After a fevere conteft of thirty minutes, Jones gave in, having firft received a hearty drubbing from Cafe, to the general fatisfaction of the spectators.

The following inftance of obftinacy, or vice in a horfe, was witneffed at Walcot Place, Lambeth, a few days ago. The beaft, which was beautiful and fpirited, having juft been brought out of an adjacent ftable, was unufually animated and fierce, and on being mounted by the gentleman whofe property he was, became very outrageous. Finding every other effect to difengage himfelf from his rider ineffectual, he reared up in a perpendicular direction, and threw himfelf completely back, by which a bloodveffel burft, and the horfe in a few minutes

minutes bled to death. He had cost the gentleman, a few days before, forty guineas. The rider fortunately escaped unhurt, to the great astonishment of the spectators.

Friday, December 8, at the Old Bailey, Mary Benson, alias Maria Theresa Phipoe, (see Mag. vol. VI. was indicted for the wilful murder of Mary Cox, on the 25th of October, in Garden-street, Saint George's in the East. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased was acquainted with the prisoner, and that she had called at her lodgings that morning. Soon after, the mistress of the house heard a scuffle and groaning; she called two neighbours, and, going to the prisoner's door, which was locked, asked what was the matter; she replied, the woman was only in a fit, and that she was getting better. She opened the door a little, when the witnesses saw she was bloody; two persons went for a Doctor, and a third pushing open the door, saw the deceased bleeding upon the ground; she ran down stairs, crying murder, and, to her great terror, was followed by the wounded woman, who laid hold of her. Mrs. Benson came down after the deceased was got into the kitchen, where she was when the surgeons and beadles came: she was unable to speak, but yet made herself understood by one of the beadles, that she had been thus wounded by the woman up stairs. He went up to the prisoner, who was sitting on the bed, and said to her, "For God Almighty's sake, what have you done to the woman below?" She answered, "I don't know; I believe the devil and passion bewitched me." There was part of a finger and a case-knife lying upon the table. He said, "Is this the knife you did the woman's business with?" She answered, "Yes." "Is this your finger?" "Yes." "Did the woman below cut it off?" "Yes;" but this the deceased denied, upon his afterwards questioning her with it. The surgeon described the deceased to have received five stabs upon the throat and neck, besides several wounds in different parts of the body, and agreed with the surgeon who afterwards attended her in the hospital, that those wounds were undoubtedly the cause of her death. The day after, the deceased made a declaration before a magistrate, wherein she stated, that she had purchased of the prisoner a gold watch and other articles, for which she paid 11l. and then asked for a china coffee-cup, which stood upon the chimney-piece, into the bargain; the prisoner bid her take one; but, in doing so, she stabbed her in the neck, and afterwards had her under her hands more than an hour, she calling murder all the time, till at last she got her upon the bed, when she said she would kill her outright, that she might not tell her own story. The prisoner, in her defence said, that the deceased wanted to purchase only part of the things which she wanted to dispose of; and, upon her refusing to divide them, she became angry, and said that she only wanted the money to go to London to be Courtois's mistress again. The prisoner replied, that was a lie; for she never had been Courtois's mistress. The deceased retorted, that it had been proved so at the Old Bailey. She said, that was a d—d lie; and from this they both proceeded to very abusive language, and much violence. There were two knives laying upon the table; the deceased took up one, and, making a violent blow at the prisoner, cut off one of her fingers. In the heat of her passion, full of pain,

pain, and ſtreaming with blood, ſhe ſtabbed her; but ſolemnly declared ſhe had no recollection of what paſſed afterwards, until ſhe found herſelf in her own room, covered with blood. "This," ſhe ſaid, "was the truth; the deceaſed, if alive, muſt confeſs ſhe had been moſt in fault, and that which affected her the moſt was, that ſhe had done her any injury." The landlady where the deceaſed lived, and another perſon, to whom ſhe was well known, proved that ſhe had a great reſpect for the priſoner, and had often heard her declare ſhe believed the priſoner had the ſame for her. The jury, after being out twenty minutes, returned a verdict, Guilty. Mr. Baron Perryn then paſſed ſentence, that ſhe be hung next Monday morning.

After her conviction, and while Mr. Juſtice Perryn was paſſing ſentence, his voice being low, and his mind apparently much oppreſſed, Mrs. Phipoe ſaid, "Speak out, ſir, I am not afraid."—When he came to the concluding words, "the Lord have mercy on your ſoul," ſhe ſaid, in ſneering bitterneſs of ſpirit, "I have not much confidence in his mercy." She demanded the money that had been taken from her when apprehended, and was very angry when notes were offered to her; ſhe would have gold, as that was the coin taken from her.

On her retiring from the Court, Mr. Kirby, the Keeper of Newgate, diſcovered and took away a bottle of laudanum ſhe had concealed about her perſon; ſhe declared, with the moſt horrid imprecations, her intention of deſtroying herſelf, in order to avoid the ignominy of a public execution. Indeed, her conduct, from the time of her ſentence till the Sunday following, was a continued paroxyſm of rage, madneſs, and deſpair. On Sunday ſhe was a little compoſed; three women and a man were conſtantly with her, to prevent her doing miſchief to herſelf.

On the Monday morning when brought out for execution, ſhe entered on the platform with a firm ſtep. After making a curtſey, ſhe wholly devoted her attention to the two clergymen attending her; one a Roman Catholic Prieſt, the other the Ordinary of Newgate. She was dreſſed in a white gown and cap. When cut down, her body was delivered to the ſurgeons; but, inſtead of being carried to their Hall, it was moſt indecently expoſed in a ſtable-yard in the Old Bailey, nearly oppoſite the place of execution.

From what we can collect, Mrs. Phipoe was once a procureſs in rather a high ſtile. After her trial for robbing and abuſing Courtois, of Oxenden-ſtreet, and for which ſhe eſcaped puniſhment, owing to the ſimple circumſtance of the *ſtamp and paper*, on which ſhe compelled Courtois to give his note for 2000l. being *her property*, ſhe changed her calling to that of a receiver of ſtolen goods, but not however until ſhe had ſuffered twelve months impriſonment for the above crime as a miſdemeanour, after ſhe had got rid of the capital charge.

On her releaſe, ſhe could no longer ſuſtain her former character in Sloane-ſtreet, Chelſea, but retired to Wapping, lived in a ſmall houſe there, and aſſumed the name of Benſon. She was an Iriſh woman by birth, of the middle age, thick ſet, and apparently very ſtrong. Previous to her trial, ſhe one day obtained two live pigeons, tore their bodies open, plucked out their hearts, ſtuck pins into them, and threw them in the fire, fooliſhly and ſuperſtitiouſly ſaying and believing it would torment her proſecutors.

A very

A very singular circumstance occurred in Norwich, on a Friday afternoon this month. As a boy belonging to Mr. Charles Rooding, horse-dealer, was riding a horse down Loom's-lane, the animal being frightened by a tumbril, ran away with him, and in such full speed, that he was unable to turn the corner, but forced his head and fore-quarters through the sash-window of a house opposite the end of the lane, when the rider was thrown into the room, in which were two women and a boy, one of whom he slightly grazed, but received no other injury himself than being stunned by the fall. The horse's hind legs were entangled in the stud-work of the building, which retarded his further progress into the house, and he fell backwards into the street, but was materially injured by the violence of the concussion in breaking the glass and frame of the window. The consternation of the women at sight of these extraordinarily abrupt visitors, may be easier conceived than described, and the curiosity of the whole neighbourhood was excited on the occasion.

A FACT.

A shoemaker living in a village near Bridport, one day this month, hung his dog, (in order to avoid the tax) and when he supposed him dead he let him down, and with a shovel, as he thought, beat the dog's brains in pieces; he then dug a hole, buried him, and trod the earth very close upon him. Strange as it may appear, the poor animal, after lying in that state near twelve hours, actually broke out of his dark confinement, and came scraping at the door for admittance, to the great astonishment of his master, and is now quite recovered. The owner is determined that poor *Buss* shall live, let him be taxed ever so high.—He was buried a foot under the earth.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

The following singular circumstance occurred on the 21st of October last, the day when the beautiful bridge across the Tweed, at Kelso, in Scotland, was overthrown by a flood:—A little dog, following a cart from Kelso, was carried by the backward current from the road, into that part of the river which runs between the bridge and Maxwelhaugh path. In vain did the little victim struggle against the overpowering violence of the torrent; in vain did it buffet the raging flood, and cast many a hopeless wistful look to the shore. All its efforts were evidently vain, and it seemed rapidly hastened to the termination of its earthly career. At this critical moment a large bull dog, which had for some time been watching all its motions with an earnest and attentive gaze, rushed forward, plunged into the river, and with some difficulty seized the little animal by the neck, and brought it in safety to land. Upon another occasion, the same sagacious animal being teazed and irritated by an insignificant cur, which he probably considered as too weak either for serious opposition or severe punishment, made no scruple of seizing it by the neck, dragged it into the middle of the Tweed, and there leaving it to find its way out at its own leisure, turned round and swam unconcernedly ashore. This dog belongs to Mr. Andrew Hilson, of Maxwelhaugh.

The circumſtances under which the Duke of Bedford was lately fined three hundred pounds, for having omitted to make a proper return of the number of ſervants and horſes kept by him, were as follow:—his Grace was ſurcharged for twenty-five ſervants, in addition to twenty-ſix which he had entered; they acted in the following capacities: porter one, gardener one, poſtillion one, helpers twenty-one, gamekeeper one. The appeal on this ſubject was heard before Commiſſioners on the 20th of Dec. when the Duke endeavoured to convince the Commiſſioners that the omiſſion aroſe ſolely from his idea, "that, as the helpers did not wear a livery, and were engaged by the week, they were not liable to the duty." As he could not be ſuppoſed to have wilfully evaded the tax, he conceived the Commiſſioners had the power to relieve him from the penalty, and requeſted of them to do it, as he thought obliging him to pay the penalty would fix a ſtigma on him, of which he was not deſerving. But the Commiſſioners being of opinion, that, as the ſervants before deſcribed were ſpecially named by the Act of Parliament, confirmed the ſurcharge with the double duty on the twenty-five ſervants before deſcribed; and alſo on ſeventeen horſes, in addition to thirty which were previouſly entered.

NEW PANTOMIME, COVENT GARDEN.

A new Pontomime, called HARLEQUIN AND QUIXOTTE, or the MAGIC ARM, was preſented, for the firſt time, on Tueſday night, Dec. 26, at this Theatre. It abounds in dextrous incidents; but the tricks and the changes were ſo badly managed as to cauſe a conſiderable drawback upon the effect of the whole. This objection, however, will not fail to be obviated by repetition; and when the Machiniſts become perfect, the ſatisfaction of the public will be rendered complete. The ſcenery is beautiful and pictureſque, and the dreſſes are ſplendid and characteriſtic. The ſubject is principally taken from DON QUITOTTE. HARLEQUIN, after ſkipping over the territories of Spain, is purſued to England, from whence he is magically conveyed to China, where the pomp and grandeur of the Emperor is diſplayed in a brilliant proceſſion, and in the manner of receiving Lord Macartney, in his character of Ambaſſador Extraordinary from his Britannic Majeſty, with whom he exchanges preſents in the Grand Hall of audience. The houſe was very ingeniouſly darkened to give effect to one of the ſcenes, a circumſtance which from its being unexpected, created a momentary alarm among the audience.

The motley hero of the piece has an able repreſentative in Bologna, jun. Mrs. Parker is an admirable Columbine, and Follett does ample juſtice to the part of the Clown. The following is a ſpecimen of the ſongs:—

AIR—MR. TOWNSHEND.

Why mourns diſconſolate my boy?
Diſcard dull ſorrow's train;
My Empire, loſt by treachery,
Thy efforts may regain.

Why mourns diſconſolate my ſon?
Hope ſhould deſpair reprove;
Exertion link'd to magic art,
May ſoon reſtore thy love.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ANOTHER ELEGY, WRITTEN IN SOHO SQUARE,

ON SEEING MRS. CORNELLY'S HOUSE IN RUINS.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

HITHER ye lowly, insolent, and vain,
Whose frantic deeds give Meditation food;
Ye varied tribes who circle Pleasure's fane;
Ye jocund prodigals of social good.
The fallen fragments of this pile survey,
Then yield to Memory's toils the residue of day.

Here civil Phrenzy was approv'd and known!
Here Fashion bade her tainted streamlets flow!
Here Reason left her elevated throne,
To scatter merrily the seeds of woe!
The Statesman's pang—the props of general weal,
Sunk 'neath the rapid pressure of the dancer's heel!

Here Beauty rov'd, resplendent in her charms,
Emitting odours like the buxom May:
Here gallant Fraud assail'd her with his arms,
Waken'd her senses, and assum'd his prey.
Touch'd by the barb of Shame, the victim fell,
While Desperation's heralds rung her virgin knell!

No flutt'ring, timid Sylph, cried, ah beware!
No kindred Spirit cut the fatal clue!
Luxuriant Demons, buoyant in the air,
Befogg'd the region of her mental view:
Volv'd in th' insidious eddies of her pride,
She run her giddy round, and ere she ponder'd—died!

Thus the fond Rose (when aguish Eurus hies,
Freighted with mischief o'er the summer's boon,
Palsying the tender harvest as he flies)
Will kiss Destruction in the glare of noon;
Till infect riv'd she feels her fibres worn,
And all her perfume marr'd, she droops and dies forlorn!

Ah, peerless nymph; that fascinating breast,
Spotless and dazzling as the Alpine snows:
Which heav'd at tales of Excellence distrest,
And lost in others ills its own repose,
Must glad no more: its currents were impair'd,
The crimson flush has ceas'd, that glow'd when Rudeness dar'd.

No more, uplifted as the Julian star,
She'll laugh and sparkle, to a realm display'd,
Bruis'd and bedimm'd she held the world at war,
Chain'd to her thought, yet as the thought—decay'd:
Caught in the meshes of a silken snare,
She writh'd within the web, and shriek'd, and pin'd with care!

Here

Here bold Intemperance the meek annoy'd;
Here Habit gave the lesser Evils birth:
With cruel industry were both employed,
To weave their strength, and banish modest Worth!
They burst those chords, which made the bosom swell,
And trembling mark'd its way to Pity's silent cell.

Impure, they knew not in the banquet's rage,
How shudd'ring Genius moan'd that man should be:
Though Glory beam'd on his immortal page,
In error splendid—miserably flee:
Or love-lorn lass, who lur'd from Dian's train,
Coil'd 'neath the humid portal shunn'd the beating rain!

Th' imperial worm that fats on Cæsar's dust;
The bolt impending in a murky sky;
The oak dismantled by th' autumnal gust;
The Stygian waters, or the Hero's sigh,
Chill'd not the pulses of the flippant throng,
Delirious in their aims, and impious in their song.

Not Phœbus' numbers, or Pierian ode:
The Parthian arrow, or the plaints of Sin:
Stern Dis, unlidding Evil's last abode;
Creation's final blaze, or Horror's din,
Could hold them from the precincts of Despair,
Their fury was obscene, and what they will'd, they were!

Could tipsy Bacchants on Iberian hills,
Squeezing ripe clusters for their fubby young;
Could Cyprus' crazy boy, who smiles and kills;
Or Syren's dulcet verse, profanely sung,
Sully more ardently the code of Right,
O'erheat the ductile blood or circumscribe delight?

In the meridian of nocturnal gloom,
When playful Cynthia, couching in her sphere,
Denied to warn the traveller of his doom,
While the fang'd Savage howl'd upon the ear,
The minions knitted, petulant, and proud,
Unliberaliz'd in soul and vehemently loud!

As sceptred Lords, magnificently mad,
Sleepless and agoniz'd at pomp repin'd;
While thrilling Philomel, so keenly sad,
Warbled her liquid sorrows to the wind.
With luscius madrigal and poignant jest,
They scar'd the sapphire Halcyon from her sedgy nest!

Not the parch'd heifer seeks the cooling bowers,
When Sol's hot zenith frets the fissur'd rood;
Nor Bee the incense of the opening flowers,
So urg'd, so zealous, as they luckless sued
For Desolation's blight—by Sage untaught,
All that's august and great to them was all that's naught!

When rank Delusion, in a winning guise,
Beckon'd to sepulchres enwrapp'd in shade:
They own'd her precept (guileful though unwise)
As the Greek Lyrist woo'd the Samian maid!
Gross as Lyœus—impotently gay,
They ask'd if Virtue was, and scoff'd the Druid's lay.

To swim meand'ring in the mazy dance,
The Priest forsook his cowl—the Sot his tun:
Faith left her rosary—the Knight his lance,
And Innocence was vizor'd and undone!
While sinewy Health look'd on, and looking griev'd,
Her dogma was abjur'd, and human-kind deceiv'd!

As thus they sped, the husbandman robust
Leap'd from his pallet at the bright'ning dawn;
Shook his brown tresses—ate his oaten crust—
Shoulder'd his axe and caroll'd o'er the lawn,
Then whistled blythely on, and rushing through
The thorny copse embath'd his sturdy limbs with dew!

Such Thracian brawls engender'd angels' tears,
When Sin's foul vulgar made the Seer deplore!
Such were the orgies rip'd the Magi's fears!
Such are the blandishments the vile adore!
The Orphean lute's soft necromantic strain
Beguil'd the wanton herd from intellectual pain!

Not

Not the lean Sisters in th' etherial space
Bisecting jubilant the vital thread:
Not the dread blast that shakes Olympus' base:
Deforming Ocean and his fecund bed,
Alarm'd the antic elves! they sang—they rav'd,
And every God disdain'd, and all their vengeance brav'd!

The crash of empires and the tooth of grief:
The reeking altar—the insatiate grave;
The Thunderer's menace and the Sybil's leaf,
Shook not the nerve of Retribution's slave!
Their brief carousal and its sorceries dire;
Won them from lenient Jove, and damp'd the blanching fire!

Such amble round Perdition's slipp'ry brinks
Ruthless in principle—in act accurst:
Claimants on Mercy, e'en till Mercy shrinks
To slake the raging of a fevering thirst,
Should brisk Hygeia lead such wayward fools,
They'd splash the ruddy wench and muddle all her pools!

Was ought more hideous 'mid the Pagan pride,
When shaggy Sylvans glutted every sense:
Smear'd purply with the gushing berry's tide,
Abusing Plenty they sublim'd offence:
And wreath'd with tendrils and umbrageous boughs,
In rude commixture swill'd, and breath'd unholy vows?

Grace was repell'd by organs so defil'd,
The damask flowret and the Persian sweets;
The Lark's shrill matin, eloquently wild,
Devotion's anthem and Chorœbus' feats!
The clang and clashing of their festal den,
Absorb'd the true monition—*Caitiffs ye are men!*

Ah! how unlike the villagers' disports,
Who trip and frolic o'er the daisied ground,
There matrons regulate as manhood courts;
While the shorn minstrel makes the rebeck sound,
The tawny hind, embolden'd by his flame,
Clasps his 'troth'd bride, and sips the honey of her fame.

Egregious truants to a hallow'd cause,
Vacant yet satisfied—absurd yet bless'd!
Griming with Lesbian grape the Patriarch's laws;
Inane yet potent—mystic yet confess'd!
Why thus equivocal?—ah turn and view,
How Fate has mown his hosts and hurries on to you!

Lo! the pale Tyrant, famish'd, grim and gaunt,
Rushes on social life and spill's Hope's lees;
Pervades the synod of each listless haunt,
Smashes the diadem, and foams disease:
Hark how he clatters his unmuscled bones!
He lifts his ebon rod and all the planet groans!

Say whither are those myriads Taste combin'd,
Who leagu'd the moral canons to destroy?
Ah, where those lawless tumults of the mind,
That Wit call'd madness and the madd'ning joy:
All, all are vanish'd from the genial light,
Sunk beneath mortal ken, and shrouded by the night!

Thus the majestic bark triumphant rides,
Spreading its saucy pendant to the breeze;
Till some fell breaker gores its oak ribb'd sides,
Gorging its chambers with perturbed seas:
Then hymns and yels by stormy fiends are blown,
Till, by salt waves ingulph'd, the massy wreck goes down!

Those walls which echo'd with a Lover's sighs,
And gave responsive many an Ideot's tale,
Those garish scenes which sated magic eyes,
Those pregnant sounds, which harmoniz'd the gale!
Are all dismember'd, driven, crush'd, and torn,
Like worthless weightless chaff, o'er *hyrcan* desarts borne!

Voluptuousness no more shall chasten Thought;
No more Aurora on their vigils peep,
Who misbeheld those ecstasies they sought;
Who violated Peace—who murder'd Sleep!
The route is o'er—the revelry is done,
Supreme Eternity, has clouded—*Folly's Sun!*

TOWN LIFE.

IN REPLY TO CAPTAIN MORRIS's COUNTRY LIFE.

(*See our Poetry for last Month, page 107.*)

YOUR tavern-warm'd Bards say, that London the place is
For superfine wit, and for elegant graces;
But hear a plain Countryman's Answer, who swears
That their wit's but conceit, and their graces but airs.

Their streets first, how pleasant! behold what a flood
Pours the kennel of filth, whilst the pavement's all mud.

Then

Then as for splash'd coat, and spoil'd stockings you grieve,
Some wag knocks you down, and cries out, "by your leave!"

If one of their coaches oblig'd you're to enter,
Your limbs, and your life, with a rascal you venture;
Who most slowly trots, and most frequently stops you,
And is sure both to cheat, and abuse, when he drops you.

When a shopping you trust yourself, some grinning beau,
Slips into your change a bad shilling or two,
Or false weight he'll give you, false measure he'll make,
And bowingly ask as much more as he'll take.

But they say that the Country more dull is than Town,
And 'tis true there are pleasures to us quite unknown;
For we've no Faro Ladies, no duelling Sparks,
And no Sunday Music, save that of the Larks.

As for prospects, they've nothing to see but blank walls,
The scavengers carts, and the gingerbread stalls:
The sun seems asham'd to light up such a pla.e,
And takes care but seldom to shew them his face.

Then of sounds, what a frequent, and horrible mixture,
One would think discord's self had her residence fix'd here
And engag'd the cart wheels, and the milk women's tongues,
To perform in her concerts, and treat her with songs.

But then they've their operas---much good may do them—
Still may they be crowded, so I don't go to them—
There may Ajax on one leg still capering be seen,
I prefer much on one leg, a goose on a green.

In the country the Doctor is distant, 'tis granted;
But your health's there so good, that he seldom is wanted:
Whilst in town, other ills some times stop short your breath,
There are Doctors so numerous---you're doctor'd to death.

With you your town-friend stays the summer throughout,
But on him if you call, why you're asked to a rout---
Where you're fretted, and sweated, and cheated d'ye see,
And get for reward, half a dish of cold tea.

Or if he, more liberal, bid you to dine,
Black soup, and French messes, his table dress fine;
Whilst behind you pert footmen so prudently wait,
That ere you've six mouthfuls, they're off with your plate.

Still if undisgusted to supper you stay;
('Tho' that's deem'd very vulgar) the cloth when they lay,
Fourteen oysters, past midnight, are probably brought,
And three dirty tarts, at a pastry-cook's bought.

In town though, Love's easier, for there I've been told
Many ladies have kindness, if you have but gold;
Nor does Madam oft breed there, but here comes the curse
'Tis the man want's the doctor, and sends for the nurse.

Or if you securely intrigue in high life,
What joy to seduce a friend's sister, or wife,
Or voguishly happy, and dashingly blest,
To clasp some sweet grandmother roug'd to your breast.

Each face a dark map is, with lines trac'd in dirt,
And tho' powder'd each head, very dingy's each shirt;
All their drink's filthy porter, compos'd of vile drugs,
And each house stinks of dirt, and each bed swarms with bugs.

Nor when on your pillow you've long laid your head,
And the insects are full, can you sleep in your bed,
To disturb you the watchmen and coachmen conspire,
And you hear the sweet outcries of "stop thief!" and "fire!"

Since these are the charms, and the joys London yields
Give me my dear cottage, my garden, and fields:
Give me rural sights, rural sports, rural love,
And I'll leave to its votaries, their fine chimney-grove.

RUSTICUS.